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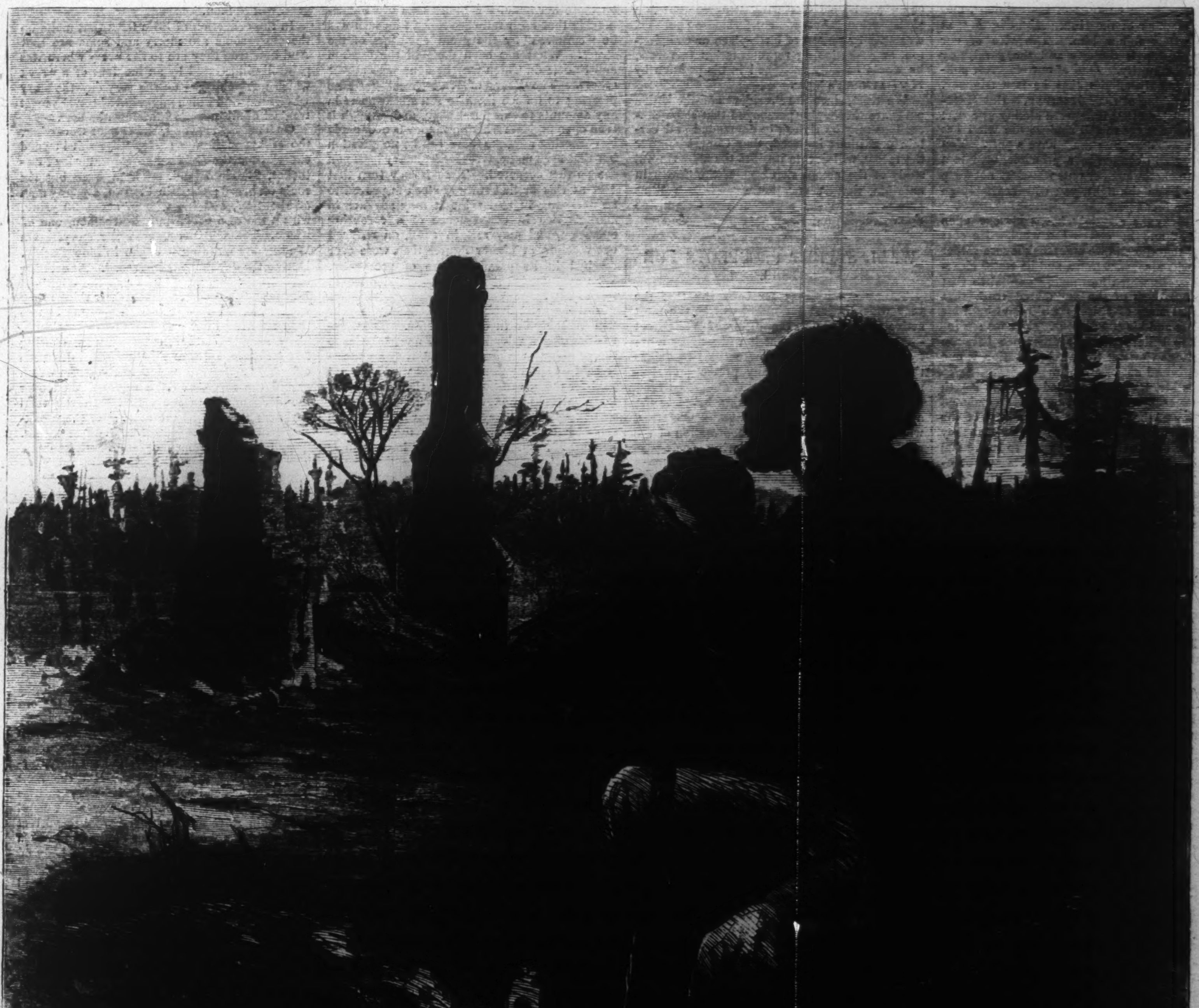


THE LAST CHATTEL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 6, 1866.

CONGRESS.

It was not to be expected that Congress would make great progress in the matter of the reorganization of the Union before the holidays. But from its action thus far it is very clear that there is not likely to be any serious division in the Union party upon any vital point of the question.

That Mr. Stevens is of this opinion is clear from his speech, in which he frankly announced that he spoke for himself alone. Yet, however much any thoughtful man may differ from the theories of the situation which were stated in the speech, he can not refuse his admiration to the tone of Roman heroism which rings all through it. Thaddeus Stevens has what the French call the courage of his opinions, and every member of the House might in that, at least, wisely follow him. The vice of our statesmanship is timidity and the paralyzing fear of a minority. One of our cleverest politicians frankly admits that he is a trimmer. He is thinking of Lord Halifax. But Halifax explained that if he were aiming at a port he would not try to sail against the wind but he would tack. You must have a port. You must see and confide in a principle, or, like a sailor in shoreward currents who does not keep his eye upon the light, you will inevitably go upon the breakers.

Mr. Stevens certainly keeps his eye upon the light and he scorns the wind. He sees plainly that the end we must seek is sure rather than swift reconstruction: and he states clearly the steps which he thinks essential to that end, regardless of the undoubted truth that the great mass of citizens will reject both his premises and his conclusions. Yet we are inclined to believe that the difference between the various views of the whole question is one of details and not of essence.

Thus Mr. Raymond replied at some length to the speech of Mr. Stevens. He combated his views of the exact present condition of the late rebel States. Mr. Stevens said that they were out of the Union, and were to be treated as conquered territories. Mr. Raymond replied that they did not succeed in getting out, and were therefore States in the Union. He is very positive that the States in question are not out of the Union. Mr. Stevens is equally sure that they are not in. But even Mr. Raymond does not think that they are in the Union as New York and Iowa are. Now, can there be two ways of being in the Union? And if there can, are they not, first, as New York is; and, second, as Montana is—that is to say, as a State with every State power untouched, or as a Territory?

But why split hairs? The question of reconstruction is purely practical. If indeed Mr. Raymond had argued that every State not in actual armed rebellion—Mississippi for instance—had precisely the same present rights in the Union and in Congress that New York has, and that no conditions could be imposed upon her elections or her conventions, then the question of the exact condition of the States would be the most practical of all. But since both Mr. Stevens and Mr. Raymond are agreed that the States in question are not to be restored until satisfactory pledges are given to the United States, is not the argument of their abstract condition superfluous? Mr. Lincoln called that kind of speculation "a pernicious abstraction." The important point, in his judgment, was how they should resume their practical relations in the Union.

Mr. Stevens calls the late rebel States conquered provinces, in which there is now no government but the military law of the United States; and he insists that Congress must reorganize them with republican forms. Mr. Raymond holds that the citizens of those States are defeated insurgents, who must submit to any conditions of surrender imposed by the victorious commander. The theory of both is subjugation. But would Mr. Raymond insist that therefore Congress is powerless, and that the whole matter is to be absolutely and finally settled by the President? The President at least makes no such assumption. Has Mr. Raymond forgotten that in the President's proclamation appointing Provisional Governors he expressly recommended the people whom he authorized to vote to present governments to which Congress could properly promise the national recognition?

If, as Mr. Raymond argues, we have a right to demand certain concessions of the late rebel States, as parts of their surrender and as conditions of their restoration, and among them may require assent to a proposed Constitutional Amendment affecting the whole industrial structure of their society, is it foolish to suppose that we may also require assent to another such amendment affecting the political structure of their society? It may not be expedient to require it, but that is a totally different point. If we are prevented from requiring it, is it not because of certain supposed indefeasible, fundamental rights of States? And if that be so, can any State right be more inviolably sacred than that of giving an uncoerced consent to Constitutional Amendments?

The whole difficulty springs from the wrong starting-point of the debate. The sole practical question for Congress is, in view of the actual situation of the late rebel States, in the light of history, of human nature, and of the principles of our Government, what concessions, in Mr. Raymond's words, ought we to demand. The right to demand any whatever arises from the primal right of every Government in the present position of ours to secure its own existence, and includes the right of limiting the demand solely by its estimate of that necessity. Mr. Raymond, probably, is of opinion that the necessity can be satisfied by the conditions he names, acceptance of the emancipation amendment; repudiation of the rebel debt; legal protection of freedmen, and revocation of the ordinances of secession. But if one of his colleagues should consider that the necessity could not be satisfied without agreement to a Constitutional Amendment forbidding political disability by reason of birth-place or complexion, or apportioning representation to voters, he would be fully sustained in his position by Mr. Raymond's logic.

We trust, since the President and the Union party are thoroughly persuaded that some concessions may be rightfully demanded and certain conditions imposed, that Congress, after the recess, will devote itself to the most careful study of the actual situation of the States in question, that it may act wisely as well as promptly upon the report of the Committee upon Reconstruction.

WALL STREET PROSPECTS FOR 1866.

There are reasons for believing that the year which is just beginning will be the most active ever known in the history of Wall Street—or, in other words, that it will witness more frequent and extensive fluctuations in values than have occurred in any previous twelvemonth.

One principal reason for this belief is the avowed policy of Government and Congress, which looks to an attempted contraction of the currency as the means of restoring specie payments. Such an operation insures a steady succession of ups and downs. While the contraction is merely threatened, without being attempted, business is checked throughout the country, men of capital refuse to part with their money, business paper sells dear, prudent merchants keep out of debt, and the consequence is an extensive accumulation of idle money at the financial centres, which is sure, sooner or later, to generate speculation and cause an advance in stocks. By-and-by the threatened contraction is actually attempted, and then comes a pinch in the money-market, occurring, in all probability, just as speculation is under full headway, and the "outside public" have loaded up with stocks in order to realize a rapid fortune. Hence comes a panic, and a fall in values more rapid than the previous advance; the "outsiders," and many "inside" speculators too, are "cleaned out;" and then follows a season of calm, dullness, and low prices. But this does not last long. Before many weeks elapse Government stops contracting, either from choice or necessity, and, meanwhile, the fall in prices has increased the purchasing power of the currency, so that money again becomes easy, under the influence of which speculation revives again, and a fresh upward movement is inaugurated—to be followed, in due course, by another collapse. These "ups and downs" will naturally succeed each other at intervals of greater or less duration, so long as paper continues a legal tender, and there is no absolute standard of value to regulate the ordinary transactions of business.

Another element of change may be developed from excessive importations—a point to which reference was made in our last number. If we continue to consume foreign goods as we are doing at present a commercial revulsion can not long be deferred, for it is impossible for the country, burdened with a debt of $3,000,000,000, and just recovering from four years of exhausting war, to pay for all these goods. A commercial crisis would of course be severely felt in Wall Street. Merchants are all, more or less, holders of public and corporate securities, which would be sacrificed in the event of a general mercantile shipwreck. A pressure to sell would involve a decline in prices which would go on until points were reached at which capital would desert industry, and would flow in from abroad, to secure bargains at panic prices.

Fluctuations in the market price of the leading railway stocks may be expected to result from the uncertainty which overhangs the proportion to be borne hereafter by net to gross earnings. According to the recent report of the New York Central the expenses of that line have increased during the past year so much faster than gross earnings that, though the traffic of the line has been steadily improving, it has yielded nearly 2 per cent. less to the stockholders than it did in 1863-4. On the other hand, the Michigan Central and the Fort Wayne roads are said to be run for about the same ratio of expense as formerly. We are all familiar with the increased cost of living and the increased cost of labor and all kinds of materials: the president of the leading bank of the city declared on oath in court a few days since that the purchasing power of $4000 a year seven years ago was equal to that of $10,000 a year now. It seems, therefore, reasonable to assume that it must cost the railroads much more than it did to run their trains and keep their road bed and equipment in repair. And as they have not, as a general rule, increased their charges either for passengers or freight, being in many instances strictly prohibited from so doing by their charters, it would seem not unlikely that most if not all of them are actually earning less money on their present enormous gross traffic than they earned a few years ago on smaller gross receipts. These considerations would seem to justify lower prices for railway stocks. But, on the other hand, the indications are unmistakable that each railway stock in its turn will be "cornered" by the great operators of the street. What has been done in the Harlem and Prairie du Chien may be done with all the others. The Bears of Wall Street need no pressing to induce them to sell stocks short in any amounts to suit purchasers, and, though it is an open problem whether money is ever made by cornering a stock, there can be no question but that such manœuvres inflict heavy losses on the parties cornered. Thus it may turn that just as this or that railway stock is proved to be declining in real value, it may advance in market-price in consequence of a cornering operation, and may sell, in 1866, on reduced net receipts, at higher figures than were ever reached in its palmiest days of prosperity. Who ever fancied that Prairie du Chien would sell at 250?

But the most lively fluctuations of the year will probably be in Governments. These securities offer a splendid crop of uncertainties to the gambler. On the one hand, they are mostly held on speculation by parties who have not paid for them, can not pay for them, and must sacrifice them whenever a pinch arrives in the money market. They have never gone through the fiery ordeal through which the public securities of all nations that are or have been at war must necessarily pass before they settle down to a fixed position in the market. Who can say what shall be the natural par of Five-Twenty bonds in the years 1870-75? But, on the other hand, these securities are a first mortgage on every acre of land and every dollar's worth of improvement in the whole country from Maine to the Rio Grande. The Five-Twenty bonds are, all things considered, the best security in the world; that is to say, they are as safe as the safest security known; and they yield a larger income than any other first-class Government bond. Seven-Thirties are worse held than Five-Twenty bonds, and the temptation to sell them short is great. But it must be remembered that within thirty-six months from their date they will be payable in full in currency. As that time approaches they will therefore naturally approximate to par. Most of them have nearly a year's interest already accrued. By the time they are within nine months of their maturity they will sell at or nearly par. Speculators have thus from twelve to eighteen months to work in.

If Wall Street continues lively that is time enough for plenty of fluctuations. The bonds may again touch 114, or 99, or both; the notes may sell at 90 and at 100. If speculation once fastens on them there is no saying how they may fluctuate. If a general impression spreads to the effect that they are going to rise, all the world will buy, and prices will advance far beyond real values; if, on the other hand, the public can be persuaded that they are going to fall, the rush to sell will precipitate them much below the figure at which they ought to rule. There are so many of them, and so many people are interested in them, that there is hardly any limit to the possible fluctuations to be caused by the ebb and flow of public confidence. Railway securities interest a comparatively limited class, and every day the danger of corners and of dishonest management is diminishing that class. Governments interest every body. Every one who has money either holds, or has held, or expects to hold Government securities. Fluctuations in the price of Government will be felt at every breakfast-table in the country. Let Wall Street once seize upon Government bonds as an instrument to gamble with, and the operations in them, and the fortunes lost and made in them will far outstrip the operations and the fortunes of the most active periods of railway speculation.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

In the bright and beautiful summer weather there is often a secret sadness in the thought that it will soon pass away; and so as the happy Christmas chimes ring in the annual carol of Charles Dickens, there is a painful feeling that the time must at last come when he will tell no more Christmas stories. His budget of this year, "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," is issued in a cheap and convenient form by the Harpers, and his own contributions to it are most characteristic and delightful.

Doctor Marigold himself is a character finished with great elaboration. He is a creation as positive as Dick Swiveller, although as a "Cheap Jack" he is a type of a more limited character. The incidents of his story have a gipsy homeliness and freshness and that exquisite pathos which, when not exaggerated, and it is not in this instance, invest "Jack" and his surroundings with universal interest. It is a Shakespearian power which plucks one true-hearted vagabond out of the crowd of figures which fill England, and makes him typical and immortal. It is Dickens's way of preaching humanity. The tender and vivid portraiture of Doctor Marigold will humanize many a heart toward the fellow-man in the tramp or the wandering tinker. Whatever the tune Dickens plays upon the Christmas bells, there is always the old strain heard in it: "Peace on earth: good will to men."

In the collection of little tales that make up the story some are merry and some are sad. And how true they are to life every where was painfully illustrated by an incident of a wreck which was published on the very day the story was issued, and which might have been the most tragical of all in some Christmas budget.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th of December, the schooner *Eveline Rickey* "set sail in good cheer" from the Delaware breakwater for Pawtucket, Rhode Island. There were but six souls on board; Captain Fisher, a young man of about 27, and his wife of about 20 years, with a mate, a cook, and two seamen, one of whom, Louis Talbot, tells the story. On Wednesday morning it began to blow freshly. During the day the gale increased. At evening Captain Fisher thought he saw the Highland Lights at Sandy Hook, but Talbot thinks they were lights in houses on the shore. It was then snowing hard and blowing a hurricane. They sounded and found they were drifting fast on shore, spite of all their efforts to keep off. The sails were useless in the storm which parted the ropes, and the waves dashed over the deck and into the cabin. In the total darkness they heard the roaring of the breakers, and found the vessel to be fast filling. They tried the pumps and let go both anchors. The schooner dragged them instantly, and Talbot looked about for something to make a raft. "I went down into the cabin, which was more than knee-deep with water at the time, and there I saw poor Mrs. Fisher standing quietly in the water." She turned to him and said, pitifully, "I wonder if my husband knows that I am here?" Talbot lifted her in his arms and placed her in a bunk high out of the water. Then he went up and lashed himself into the fore rigging, while Captain Fisher, wrapping his wife in a huge coat, lashed her into the main rigging. The schooner struck. Every thing was swept away. The foremast went over with the two seamen. Ten minutes afterward the mainmast went; but Talbot thinks the captain with his wife jumped into the sea before the mast fell; and he heard the cries of Mrs. Fisher in the water. They had been but a few months married. The captain was cool and much liked, and "she kept her courage up well," says Talbot. But the next morning the dead body of the bride was thrown ashore upon the beach. On her right hand was a kid glove lined with red wool to protect it against the frost, and her clothes were torn to shreds by the furious waves. The body of her husband had not been recovered.

In the pleasant Christmas season, as we read this sad story, the brave old words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert are heard again. It was three hundred years ago, in the evening, that the lights upon his vessel were last seen off Newfoundland. Before midnight they had disappeared. But his words are never forgotten, "Heaven is as near by sea as land."

OUR DUTY TO THE FREEDMEN.

That the people of the late rebel States will ultimately see the coincidence of justice and prosperity we have no doubt. But General Howard and General Grant and General Schurz are all of opinion that for some time yet the National Government must directly see that the freedmen are protected in every personal right. And this, we presume, will be the suggestion of the Committee on Reconstruction.

To leave the freedmen at once in the absolute control of the late rebel population at the South would be a crime which would forever justly disgrace the United States. Whatever the good intentions of large classes of that population may be, we all know too well what the immediate results of such a policy would be. We see it already in North Carolina. In that State a negro was lately convicted of some trifling offense, and was sentenced to slavery for a term of years. The wording of the Constitutional Amendment permits the enormity. Foolishly following the old phraseology of laws in an entirely different condition of affairs the Amendment forbids slavery except as a punishment for crime. Nothing is easier than to erect vagrancy into a crime; then, by refusing to employ the negroes, to compel their vagrancy; then to sell them into slavery for a longer or shorter term.

This is but an illustration of the foul play to which the freedmen will be exposed in the absence of the national protection. And there is no excuse whatever for leaving them to such a fate. Indeed, when we remember the unswerving patience of their fidelity to us during the doubtful years of the war—how tranquilly they repelled their masters' falsehoods meant to inflame them against us—how steadily these people, derided as apes and treated like cattle, waited for our coming and believed in our friendship—how they guided all our escaping soldiers, who counted upon their fidelity as surely as they themselves counted in escaping upon the North Star—how they resisted bribes, threats, torture, and death rather than betray us, asking no reward, but trusting in us as surely as we trusted in them—when we remember this unprecedented history, and reflect that many among us are now half reluctant not to deliver them into the pitiless hands from which they rescued us, and are calculating how little we can do for them and how much for those who despise and hate them, we may well fear lest the lustre of our victory be irretrievably tarnished.

The cause of the United States, said the expiring Continental Congress, is the cause of human nature. It is so now more than ever. By the fundamental law of the land every man is now the free equal of every other man, the late slave of Governor **Orr** of South Carolina as much as the Governor himself; and we trust that the Committee upon Reconstruction, looking at facts rather than at theories, will recommend the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau until the people of the United States are thoroughly satisfied that the personal freedom which they have conferred upon the majority of the people of South Carolina, for instance, is to be respected by the minority.

Mr. BIGELOW UPON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

At a late dinner of American citizens in Paris at which Mr. **Bigelow**, the Minister of the United States, and General **Schofield** were present, Mr. **Bigelow** said: "The policy of the American Government is peace with all mankind, and at the present moment, as far as the eye of any statesman can penetrate into the future, there is no probability of a rupture of the good relations which exist between the United States and every other country."

Mr. **Bigelow** certainly ought to know, and his remark only confirms the universal impression that the Mexican complication is to be solved without war, as every sensible man heartily hopes it may be. But it is very desirable that the country should know a few details. While we assume from the Message of the President and from such remarks as those of our French Minister that negotiations are pending, it is very clear that the highest interests of the country would gain by making the assumption knowledge. The House of Representatives, upon Mr. **Stevens**'s motion, has already requested the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate all the information and correspondence upon the subject, and we hope a response will not be long delayed.

Meanwhile there need be no fear that the public interest in the matter will decline, or public vigilance relax. If there are those who suppose that **Louis Napoleon** wishes or expects to remain in Mexico, we think they are profoundly mistaken. He does not court war under the inevitable conditions of such a struggle as this would be. He undoubtedly wishes to get out of the scrape, and our true policy is to help him out, not to threaten to kick him out. A peremptory threat from the United States would make France, which now sneers at the Mexican expedition, enthusiastically united in supporting it at all hazards. Now, of course, if it were necessary, the United States are ready and able to encounter the whole of Europe enthusiastically hostile. But, as a matter of fact, it is not necessary. Patience, common sense, and the President's response to Congress, will carry us through.

TAUGHT BY OUR NEIGHBORS.

Some curious facts are revealed by the statistics in regard to the young men called out to the conscription in France. In one of the departments it appeared that out of 100 young men, 21 years old, 64 can neither read nor write. In other departments the numbers range from 56 to 62 out of every hundred. In 27 departments the number of illiterate young men is more than a third, or certainly one fourth. In 25 others it varies from a fourth to a tenth. In 10 it is less than a tenth. In the Meurthe and Bas-Rhin there are but four or five out of 100 young conscripts who can not read. In the Haute-Marne but three or four. In the Meuse and the Doubs but two or three. There are 86 departments in all, and Paris is in that of the Seine. Strasbourg is in the Bas-Rhin, and Besançon in the Doubs.

The Minister of Public Instruction has verified the figures, and he has offered a gold medal of the value of 200 francs to be given to the Communal schoolmaster in each department who shall be most successful in reducing the number of illiterate persons in the Commune.

This is an illustration of the way in which things are done in France. Instead of a system which makes it the plain interest of every community to take care that its members are properly instructed, the Government offers a pitiful bribe to the village schoolmaster.

But we have also a recent statement of the Condition-of-England-question, which is even worse than that of France. "Nowhere in Ireland," says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, who is an Englishman, "have I seen the stupid, ignorant, hopelessly-demoralized people that are to be found here by thousands, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say by millions. Now a country with such a population needs a government more intelligent, more active, more powerful, more practical than we have got in England. Twenty millions out of thirty have not the pretense of self-government. They are unrepresented in Parliament; they are confessedly out of the pale of the Constitution."

This is what Mr. **Olmsted** remarked nearly twenty years ago in his most valuable and interesting "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England." And it is this ignorance and brutishness which are the real peril of Great Britain, in which 36,000 out of the 30,000,000 own the land, and in which the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer.

All these facts should be carefully pondered by every man in this country who thinks that it is safe to deny men education, or to tamper with perfect freedom of speech and the press. Ignorance any where in this country is a peril every where; and in this view the suggestions of General **Howard** in his admirable Report upon the Freedmen are very significant and important.

OUR MAPS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A **Virginia** landholder lately said to a friend of ours in Richmond, "I own three thousand acres of land, but I have no money to work it with. I want to sell half of it, and I should like nothing so much as to sell it to a company of Vermont farmers." The desire to sell was natural under the circumstances, and the disposition to welcome Vermonters showed with what common sense the gentleman accepted the situation. For it is by actual immigration and social and industrial intercourse that the hostility springing from separation and ignorance will be removed.

We propose to publish a series of carefully prepared maps of the Southern States, beginning with **Mississippi** in this number of the *Weekly*, accompanied by concise and complete industrial statistics, that the general character and special advantages of the Southern part of the country may be understood by those who are thinking of settling there. There is, for instance, no nobler State in the world probably than Virginia. Her climate, her resources, her variety of surface, are unsurpassed. And now that the system of labor which has blighted her is removed, there is no reason to doubt that she will reach a prosperity proportioned to her advantages. And each State has its special attractions. Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge—that is the key with which the golden treasury of the Future is to be unlocked; and we shall do what we can to put it into the hands of every body in this country who can read.

THE RELIEF OF BROADWAY.

The pressure of travel upon Broadway in the city of New York is such that some method must certainly be devised for its relief. The question is not purely local. Every part of the country and every citizen has a peculiar interest in the great city and all its conveniences of transport, traffic, and amusement. The street railways have been all successful. But they are not adequate to the increasing demand. The cars are crowded to the utmost discomfort of the passengers. They run as often as safety and convenience will permit. But still the throng increases, and new difficulties require new solutions. What shall they be? How shall Broadway be relieved?

The project which is at this moment most widely discussed is an underground railroad. The enterprise is not original to the Yankee genius. It has been tried, and with striking success, in London, and a Company has been already formed in New York which applied for authority to the last Legislature, which passed a bill. The Governor, for sufficient reasons as it seems to us, vetoed the bill.

But the Governor did not express any hostility to the proposition, nor do we learn that he entertains any. He wishes only to secure all interests, and to avoid, as far as possible, the dangers of monopoly and of loosely-guarded discretionary power. A railroad of the kind contemplated could hardly fail, upon perfectly just conditions, to be very profitable; and we shall gladly record that some Company has perfected a plan which, with a due regard to the claims of private property and to the public convenience, shall bring the ends of the great city together and relieve the horrors of Broadway.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK.

The fifth volume of **Carlyle**'s "Frederick" is just published. It is full of the same extraordinary power as the other volumes, and shows its hero's conduct in misfortune and defeat. The conscience of this work is amazing. **Carlyle** has evidently exhausted all the sources of information, and how dreary and forbidding they must be even a slight student of German military or political memoirs may easily imagine. Yet the weariness of investigation, the despondency and disgust of picking over a mountain of chaff for a single grain of wheat, are not in the least manifest in the result. The history is elastic, sparkling, and forever fresh, and no other author will ever hereafter feel that the task must be again attempted.

It is obvious from the events narrated in this volume that a great soldier like **Frederick** educates his adversaries, as **Napoleon** did in the next century. The old methods, slow, cumbrous, traditional, disappear before the onset of the fierce rapidity and appalling daring of a fresh genius. The Austrian and French commanders and Governments learned to anticipate the movements of their adversary, and he sometimes counted too confidently upon their stupidity. The energy with which he threw a few men against an army, the promptness with which he conceived his plans, and the skill and tenacity with which he executed them, rank **Frederick** with the greatest soldiers of history; and his heroism, full of resources in extremity and against enormous odds, kindles the enthusiasm of his biographer.

But the significance of the war in its bearing upon civilization, which is its vital importance, is not revealed in the history. As it appears here it is a tremendous conflict of a Titan with forces individually very inferior but collectively vast and overpowering. As a Protestant hero **Frederick** makes a poor figure, but as a King fighting to extend his dominions and maintain his power he is one of the most striking that can be found. **Carlyle** depicts Germany as a huge battle-field upon which France, Prussia, Russia, and Austria sustain the shock, and Great Britain is a sorry and futile loiterer upon the outskirts. The performances of the British contingent under the Duke of Cumberland, as **Carlyle** describes them, must make any well-regulated Briton gnash his teeth. His wit is never so sardonic as when he is laughing at the Britons. But the **Earl of Chatham** is an exception to **Carlyle**'s gibes. He shines with new lustre upon these pages. And it is impossible as we read of him not to regret that, instead of **Frederick the Great** and his era in Germany, **Carlyle** had not selected **Chatham** and his era for a history. That subject has never been justly or fully treated, and it would have been an addition to British annals not less striking than the **Cromwell**.

The personal interest of the reader in **Frederick** is no greater in this volume than in the rest. Apparently he had not a single quality which could excite a genial and hearty affection. As a conspicuous and controlling actor upon the public arena his movements are interesting and his talent unquestionable; but as a man using that talent for mankind he is nothing. A certain insincerity and dramatic shallowness spoil his letters and speeches. There are no winning ways in his private intercourse. His career is a selfish struggle. You scarcely care whether he beats in a battle or is beaten. His German force is thickly veneered with French artifice; and the glow of a divine passion of patriotism or of conviction is totally wanting. He was the son of his father; only in the son's case the drill-sergeant was a man of genius.

The **Harpers** will immediately issue the sixth and concluding volume of the history: and it is with deep sadness that the reader draws toward the end, for it is the last work of importance for which we can look from its author. He is now seventy years old, and great literary works are not undertaken at that age. But we have no right to complain, for **Carlyle** has built his monument, not less in the books he has written than in his enduring influence upon the mind and literature of his time. Vexed as the reader must often be by his whims and dogmatism, he knows that a manly, sincere, and great soul is behind them all, like the sun behind clouds and vapors. His name belongs to the most truly illustrious in English letters, not alone because of his scholarship, and works, and genius, but because he has sought truth under every disguise, and has always honored, so far as he understood, whatever is really noble and helpful to mankind. Our war and this country he has never understood, and we can surely forgive the crude folly of his talk about us. **Cromwell** and **Burns** and the French Revolution he did understand, and he has made the world understand them.

SHINING STARS.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain!
See old Time destroying
All our hoarded gain;
All our sweetest flowers,
Every stately shrine,
All our hard-earned glory,
Every dream divine!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time, consoling,
Dries the saddest tears,
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain;
While upspring in glory
Flowers and dreams again!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringeth judgment here;
Weaving ill-won honors
To a fiery crown;
Bidding hard hearts perish,
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight!
See how Time, rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light;
Pays with kingly measure,
Brings earth's dearest prize,
Or, crowned with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 19:

In the Senate, several bills were introduced and referred. Among the most important were a bill for the defense of the northeastern frontier, and one for the establishment of a branch of the Freedmen's Bureau in each of the formerly slave States.—A Message was received from the President giving information in regard to the condition of the States lately in rebellion. This Message in its tone and matter pronounced decidedly the loyal disposition of those States, and was accompanied by a report of Lieutenant-General Grant, characterized by a similar spirit. The reports of Howard and Schurz were also submitted. Senator Sumner called the President's Message "a white-washing document, only paralleled by Pierce's message on Kansas," and considerable altercation followed.

In the House, certificates of members from Louisiana and Virginia were referred to the Select Committee.—The bill to regulate railroad transportation between the several States, known as the New York and Washington Air Line bill, was passed after a sharp discussion, 92 to 52.—A joint resolution for an amendment of the Constitution so as to prohibit the assumption or payment of rebel debts by any State was adopted.

December 20:

In the Senate, the House bill to pay Mrs. President Lincoln $25,000 was passed. It was agreed to adjourn from the 21st to January 5.

In the House, resolutions were referred, congratulating the country on the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment.—A bill was passed giving to the Secretary of the Treasury the appointment of Deputy Assessors of Internal Revenue.—A bill establishing several new Post routes was adopted.—The recess to January 5 was agreed to.—A resolution was adopted giving the President control of several Indian funds.—Eulogies were delivered on Mr. Kellogg, lately a member from New York.

December 21:

In the Senate, Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Harris, Howard, Johnson, and Williams were appointed as the Senate's part of the Select Committee of fifteen on Reconstruction.

In the House, Mr. Ashley, of Nevada, took his seat.—Messrs. Patterson, Farnsworth, and Garfield were appointed Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.—Mr. Raymond spoke for an hour, mainly in reply to the speech made by Mr. Stevens on the 18th, and taking the general ground that the Southern States were still and always had been members of the Union; that the effort to secede was frustrated by the victories of the Union armies, and was therefore void; and that the acts, speeches, and deeds of arms of the rebels were of no legal effect in dissolving their connection with the General Government.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The Provisional Government has been withdrawn from Georgia, Alabama, and from North and South Carolina.

Governor James L. Orr, of South Carolina, has sent a dispatch to Secretary Seward in response to that of the latter announcing the President's supersedure of the provisional government in that State. Governor Orr states that this announcement will be most gratifying to the South Carolinians, returns thanks in their name, and declares his "unalterable purpose to aid in upholding the supremacy of the laws of the United States."

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 22d of December the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims was observed at Boston by a grand military demonstration, and the imposing ceremonies connected with transfer of the numerous battle-flags of Massachusetts regiments to the State and their deposition in the Capital.

Mr. John Evans and Mr. Jerome B. Chaffer, both Republicans, have been elected United States Senators from Colorado.

The first forty miles of the Union Pacific Railroad, from Omaha (Nebraska) westward were completed December 18.

The Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, has been appointed, by the President, Minister Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico, in place of General Logan, who declined the office.

The total number of emigrants arrived at this port for the year ending November 30, 1865, is one hundred and seventy-eight thousand and three, which number is an excess of fifteen thousand over that of last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is stated that the British Government has demanded of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, a full explanation of the extraordinary measures resorted to after the riot at Morant Bay. It is conceded, even by those English journals which are noted for their hatred of negroes and abolitionism, that Gordon, who was hung for inciting the riot, had not been proved to be guilty [illegible] action of which they would hesitate for a [illegible] the responsibility. We learn that Mr. [illegible]ly crime seems to have been that he was overs[illegible]'s property, has also been hung.

The Parisians must have become excessively sensitive to every symptom of a hostile indication from America. Lately they were fearfully excited because Admiral Farragut was taking soundings in French waters. The recent arrival of Major-General Schofield in Paris has thrown these excitable Frenchmen into another panic. "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

In Italy it appears that the Della Marmora Cabinet is destined soon to give place to one formed by Rattazzi. The Neapolitan brigands have been hemmed in by the Papal soldiers, and have asked to be allowed to surrender without complying with any rigorous conditions. They base their appeal upon the fact that the Government had, to some extent, connived with them. It was because of his encouragement of these brigands that the Pope's Secretary of War, M. Merode, has been dismissed.

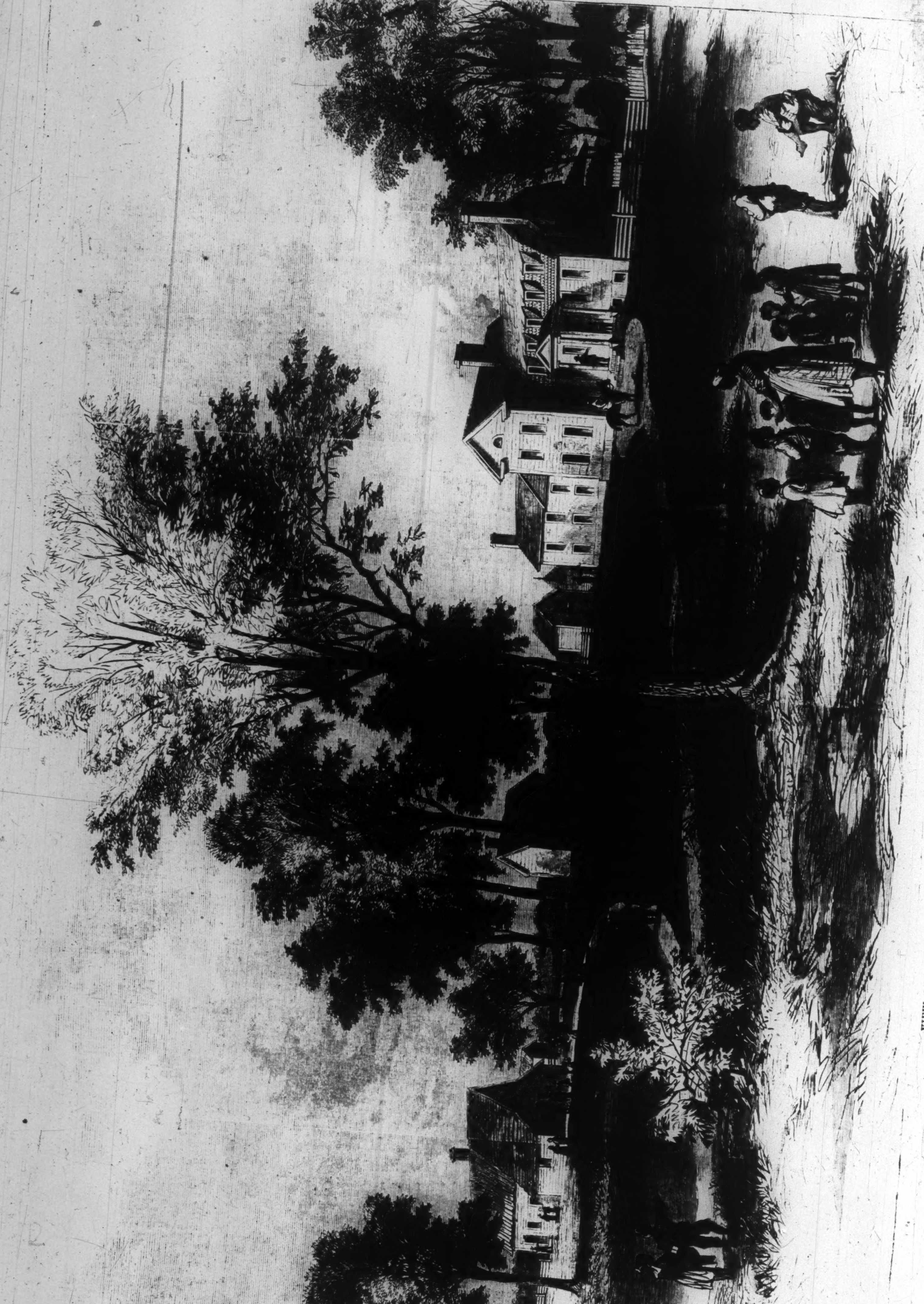
The Greek Chamber has abolished the Council of State by a large majority. Count Sponneck, the young King's Danish Counselor, has been driven from the country.

Our news from Hayti indicates that General Salnave, after his defeat at Cape Haytien, went to Monte Christo to recruit his army, to which he was receiving large accessions of deserters from Geffrard's forces. Geffrard had offered a reward of $4000 for Salnave's capture.

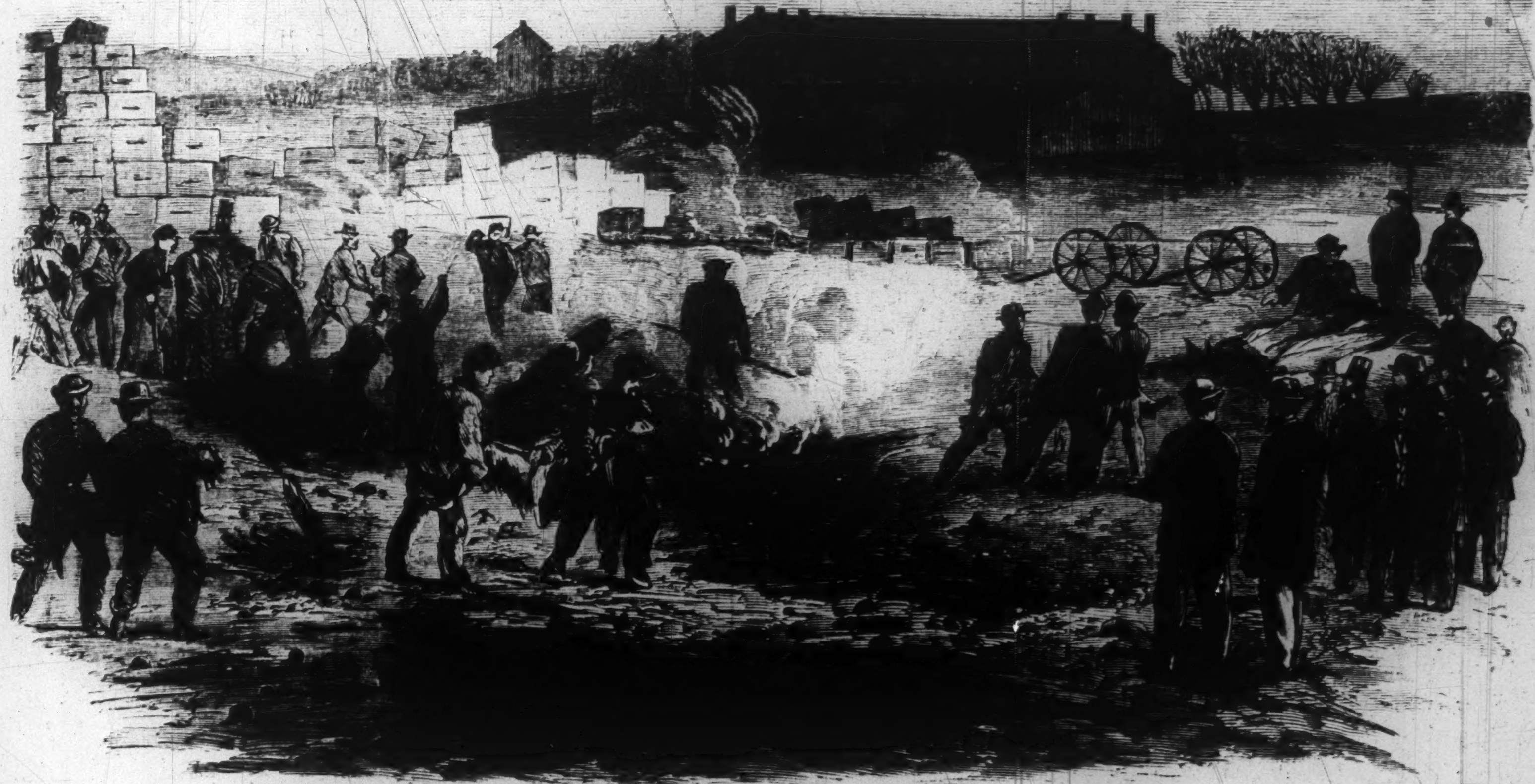
Spain has refused to submit her difficulties with Chili to foreign arbitration.

General Canseco, who became Provisional President of Peru, on the expulsion of President Pezet, has been peaceably deposed, and Colonel Prado has been made Dictator.

The rebellion in the United States of Colombia is deemed at an end, and popular confidence in the Government is re-established.



VIEW OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE'S RESIDENCE NEAR NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 13.]

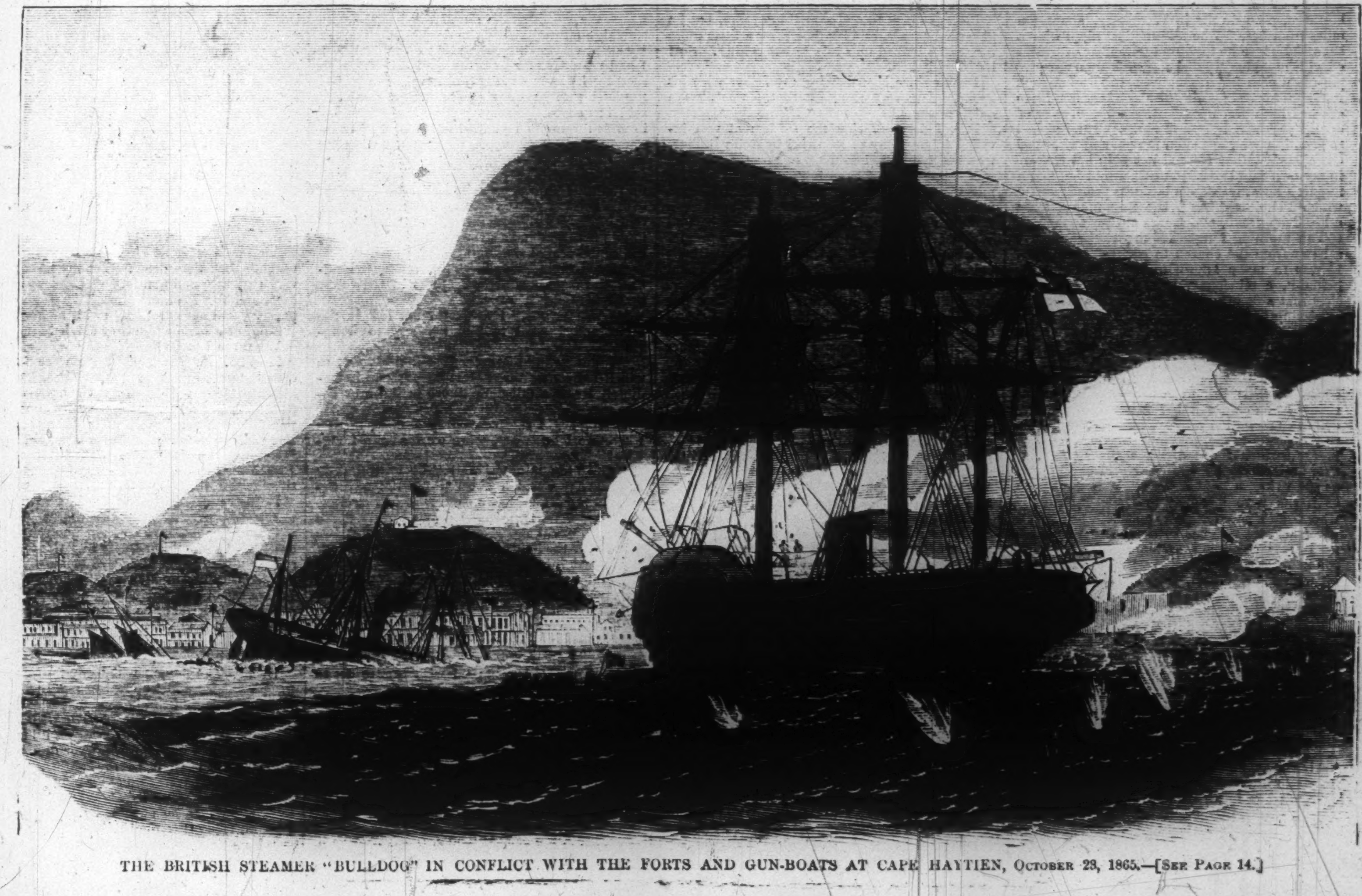


EXPLOSION AT THE ARSENAL IN WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 18, 1865—REMOVING THE DEAD BODIES.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

THE ARSENAL EXPLOSION AT WASHINGTON.

On the afternoon of Monday, December 18, an explosion took place at the Washington Arsenal very similar to one which occurred in the same city a year ago. The explosion took place in a small building at the Arsenal, and in which workmen were employed in sorting ammunition, removing cartridges, etc. The accident was terribly disastrous in its effects, and the force of the explosion was felt at remote distances in the city. Seven persons were instantly killed, and several others fatally injured. They were all employés, and had all been in the army.

We give on this page an illustration of the removal of the bodies after the explosion. The building, completely demolished by the violence of the explosion, soon became a mass of flames. This not only happened before the removal of the killed, but also threatened to involve the adjacent buildings, in which were stored quantities of ammunition, in a like disaster. The bodies of some of those injured by the explosion were torn in a horrible manner.



THE BRITISH STEAMER "BULLDOG" IN CONFLICT WITH THE FORTS AND GUN-BOATS AT CAPE HAYTIEN, OCTOBER 23, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 14.]

NOT TO BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

TO-DAY I, Eunice Fielding, have been looking over the journal which I kept of the first few weeks of my life in the world, after I left the seclusion of the German Moravian school, where I was educated. I feel a strange pity for myself, the tender ignorant innocent school-girl, freed from the peaceful shelter of the Moravian settlement, and thrust suddenly into the centre of a sorrowful household.

As I turn to this first page, there rises before me, like the memory of a former life, a picture of the noiseless grass-grown streets of the settlement, with the old-fashioned dwellings, and the quiet and serene faces looking out kindly upon the troop of children passing to the church. There is the home of the Single Sisters, with its shining and spotless casements; and close beside it, is the church where they and we worshiped, with its broad central aisle always separating the women from the men. I can see the girls in their picturesque caps, trimmed with scarlet, and the blue ribbons of the matrons, and the pure white head-gear of the widows; the burial-ground, where the separation is still maintained, and where the brethren and the sisters lie in undivided graves; and the kindly simple-hearted pastor, who was always touched with the feeling of our weakness. I see it all, as I turn over the pages of my short journal, with just a faint longing to return to the repose and innocent ignorance which encircled me while I dwelt among them, safely shut in from the sorrows of the world.

Nov. 7. At home once more after an absence of three years; but home is changed. There used to be a feeling of mother's presence every where about the house, even if she were in the remotest room; but now, Susannah and Priscilla are wearing her apparel, and as they go in and out, and I catch a glimpse of the soft dove-colored folds of the dresses, I look up with a start, half in hope of seeing my mother's face again. They are much older than I am, for Priscilla was ten years of age when I was born, and Susannah is three years older than Priscilla. They are very grave and serious, and it is well known, even in Germany, how religious they are. I suppose by the time I am as old as they are I shall be the same.

I wonder if my father ever felt like a child; he looks as if he had lived for centuries. Last night I could not venture to look too closely into his face; but to-day I can see a very kind and peaceful expression underlying all the wrinkles and lines of care. In his soul there is a calm serene depth which no tempest can touch. That is plain. He is a good man, I know, though his goodness was not talked about at school, as was Susannah's and Priscilla's. When the coach set me down at the door, and he ran out into the street bareheaded, and took me at once into his arms, carrying me like a little child into our home, all my sorrow upon leaving my school-fellows, and the sisters, and our pastor, vanished away in the joy of being with him. God helping me—and surely he will help me to do this—I will be a comfort to my father.

The house is very different to what it was in my mother's time. The rooms look gloomy, for the walls are damp and mildewed, and the carpets are worn threadbare. It seems as if my sister had taken no pride in household matters. To be sure Priscilla is betrothed to one of the brethren, who dwells in Woodbury, about ten miles from here. She told me last night what a beautiful house he had, and how it was furnished with more luxury and costliness than our people often care for, inasmuch as we do not seek worldly show. She also displayed the fine linen she had been preparing for herself, with store of dresses, both in silks and stuffs. They looked so grand, spread out upon the poor furniture of our chamber, that I could not help but cast up in my own mind what the cost would be, and I inquired how my father's business prospered: at which Priscilla colored, but Susannah uttered a low deep groan, which was answer enough.

This morning I unpacked my trunk, and gave a letter from the church to each of my sisters. It was to make known to them that Brother Schmidt, a missionary in the West Indies, desires that a fitting wife should be chosen for him by casting of lots, and sent out to him. Several of the single sisters in our settlement have given in their names, and such is the repute of Susannah and Priscilla, that they are notified of the application, that they may do likewise. Of course Priscilla, being already betrothed, has no thought of doing so; but Susannah has been deep in meditation all day; and now she is sitting opposite to me, pale and solemn, her brown hair, in which I can detect a silver thread or two, braided closely down her thin cheeks; but as she writes, a faint blush steals over her face, as if she were listening to Brother Schmidt, whom she has never seen, and whose voice she never heard. She has written her name—I can read it, "Susannah Fielding"—in her clear round steady hand, and it will be put into the lot with many others, from among which one will be drawn out, and the name written thereon will be that of Brother Schmidt's appointed wife.

Nov. 9. Only two days at home; but what a change there is in me. My brain is all confusion, and it might be a hundred years since I left school. This morning two strangers came to the house, demanding to see my father. They were rough hard men, whose voices sounded into my father's office, where he was busy writing, while I sat beside the fire, engaged in household sewing. I looked up at the loud noise of their voices, and saw him turn deadly pale, and bow his white-haired head upon his hands. But he went out in an instant, and returning with the strangers, bade me go to my sisters. I found Susannah in the parlor, looking scared and bewildered, and Priscilla in hysterics. After much ado they grew calmer, and when Priscilla was lying quietly on the sofa, and Susannah had sat down in mother's arm-chair to meditate, I crept back to my father's office, and rapping softly at the door, heard him say, "Come in." He was alone, and very sad.

"Father," I asked, "what is the matter?" and seeing his dear kind face, I flew to him.

"Eunice," he whispered very tenderly, "I will tell you all."

So then as I knelt at his knee, with my eyes fastened upon his, he told me a long history of troubles, every word of which removed my school-days farther and farther from me, and made them seem like the close of a finished life. The end of all was that these men were sent by his creditors to take possession of every thing in our old home, where my mother had lived and died.

I caught my breath at first, as if I should go into hysterics like Priscilla, but I thought what good would that do for my father? So after a minute or two I was able to look up again bravely into his eyes. He then said he had his books to examine, so I kissed him, and came away.

In the parlor Priscilla was lying still, with her eyelids closed, and Susannah was quite lost in meditation. Neither of them noticed me entering or departing. I went into the kitchen to consult Jane about my father's dinner. She was rocking herself upon a chair, and rubbing her eyes red with her rough apron; and there in the elbow-chair which once belonged to my grandfather—all the Brethren knew George Fielding—sat one of the strangers, wearing a shaggy brown hat, from under which he was staring fixedly at a bag of dried herbs hanging to a hook in the ceiling. He did not bring his eyes down, even when I entered, and stood thunder-struck upon the door-sill; but he rounded up his large mouth, as if he were going to whistle.

"Good-morning, Sir," I said, as soon as I recovered myself; for my father had said we must regard these men only as the human instruments permitted to bring affliction to us; "will you please to tell me your name?"

The stranger fixed his eyes steadily upon me. After which he smiled a little to himself.

"John Robins is my name," he said, "and England is my nation, Woodbury is my dwelling-place, and Christ is my salvation."

He spake in a sing-song tone, and his eyes went up again to the bag of marjoram, twinkling as if with great satisfaction; and I pondered over his reply, until it became quite a comfort to me.

"I'm very glad to hear it," I said, at last, "because we are religious people, and I was afraid you might be different."

"Oh, I'll be no kind of nuisance, miss," he answered; "you make yourselves comfortable, and only bid Maria, here, to draw me my beer regular, and I'll not hurt your feelings."

"Thank you," I said. "Jane, you hear what Mr. Robins says. Bring some sheets down to air, and make up the bed in the Brothers' chamber. You'll find a bible and hymn-book on the table there, Mr. Robins." I was leaving the kitchen, when this singular man struck his clenched fist upon the dresser, with a noise which startled me greatly.

"Miss," he said, "don't you put yourself about; and if any body else should ever put you out, about any thing, remember John Robins of Woodbury. I'm your man for any thing, whether in my line or out of my line; I am, by—"

He was about to add something more, but he paused suddenly, and his face grew a little more red, as he looked up again to the ceiling. So I left the kitchen.

I have since been helping my father with his books, being very thankful that I was always quick at sums.

P.S. I dreamed that the settlement was invaded by an army of men, led by John Robins, who insisted upon becoming our pastor.

November 10. I have been a journey of fifty miles, one half of it by stage-coach. I learned for the first time that my mother's brother, a worldly rich man, dwells fifteen miles beyond Woodbury. He does not belong to our people, and he was greatly displeased by my mother's marriage. It also appears that Susannah and Priscilla were not my mother's own daughters. My father had a little forlorn hope that our worldly kinsman might be inclined to help us in our great extremity; so I went forth with his blessings and prayers upon my errand. Brother More, who came over to see Priscilla yesterday, met me at Woodbury Station, and saw me safely on the coach for my uncle's village. He is much older than I fancied; and his face is large, and coarse, and flabby-looking. I am surprised that Priscilla should betroth herself to him. However, he was very kind to me, and watched the coach out of the inn-yard; but almost before he was out of my sight, he was out of my mind, and I was considering what I should say to my uncle.

My uncle's house stands quite alone in the midst of meadows and groves of trees, all of which are leafless now, and waved to and fro in the damp and heavy air, like funeral plumes. I trembled greatly as I lifted the brass knocker, which had a grinning face upon it; and I let it fall with one loud single rap, which set all the dogs barking, and the rooks cawing in the tops of the trees. The servant conducted me across a low-roofed hall, to a parlor beyond: low-roofed also, but large and handsome, with a warm glow of crimson, which was pleasant to my eyes, after the gray gloom of the November day. It was already afternoon; and a tall fine-looking old man was lying comfortably upon a sofa fast asleep; while upon the other side of the hearth sat a dwarfed old lady, who lifted her forefinger with a gesture of silence, and beckoned me to take a seat near the fire. I obeyed, and presently fell into a meditation.

At length a man's voice broke the silence, asking in a drowsy tone,

"What young lass is this?"

"I am Eunice Fielding," I replied, rising with reverence to the aged man, my uncle; and he gazed upon me with his keen gray eyes, until I was abashed, and a tear or two rolled down my cheeks in spite of myself, for my heart was very heavy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "as like Sophy as two peas out of one pod!" and he laughed a short laugh, which, in my ears, lacked merriment. "Come here, Eunice," he added, "and kiss me."

Whereupon I walked gravely across the open space between us, and bent my face to his; but he would have me to sit upon his knee, and I, who had been at no time used to be fondled thus, even by my father, sat there uncomfortably.

"Well, my pretty one," said my uncle, "what is your errand and request to me? Upon my soul, I feel ready to promise thee any thing."

As he spake, I bethought me of King Herod, and the sinful dancing-girl, and my heart sank within me; but at last I took courage, as did Esther the queen, and I made known my urgent business to him, telling him, even with tears, that my father was threatened with a prison, if he could find none to befriend him.

"Eunice," said my uncle, after a very long silence, "I will make a bargain with you and your father. He stole away my favorite sister from me, and I never saw her face again. I've no children, and I'm a rich man. If your father will give you up to me, keeping no claim upon you—even to never seeing your face again, if I so will it—then I will pay all his debts, and adopt you as my own daughter."

Before he could finish all these words I sprang away from him, feeling more angered than I had ever done in my life.

"It could never be," I cried. "My father could never give me up, and I will never leave him."

"Be in no hurry to decide, Eunice," he said; "your father has two other daughters. I will give you an hour to reflect."

Upon that he and his wife left me alone in the pleasant room. My mind was firmly made up from the beginning. But as I sat before the glowing fire, it seemed as if all the bleak cold days of the coming winter trooped up and gathered round me, chilling the warm atmosphere of the room, and touching me with icy fingers, until I trembled like a coward. So I opened my little lot-book, which our pastor had given unto me, and I looked anxiously at the many slips of paper it contained. Many times I had drawn a lot from it, and found but vague counsel and comfort. But I now drew therefrom again, and the words upon the lot were, "Be of good courage!" Then I was greatly strengthened.

When the hour was ended, my uncle returned, and urged me with many worldly persuasions and allurements, mingled with threatenings, until at length I grew bold to answer him according to his snares.

"It is an evil thing," I said, "to tempt a child to forsake her father. Providence has put it into your power to lessen the sorrows of your fellow-creatures, but you seek to add to them. I would rather dwell with my father in a jail, than with you in a palace."

I turned and left him, finding my way out through the hall into the deepening twilight. It was more than a mile from the village through which the coach passed; and the hedge-banks rose high on each side of the deep lane. Though I walked very swiftly, the night came on before I had proceeded far from my uncle's house, with such thick gloom and fog that I could almost feel the darkness. "Be of good courage, Eunice!" said I; and to drive away the fears which lay in wait for me if I yielded but a little, I lifted up my voice, and began to sing our Evening Hymn.

Suddenly a voice a little way before me, took up the tune, in a clear deep rich tone, like that of the Brother who taught us music in the Settlement. As I stopped instantly, my heart leaping up with fear and a strange gladness, the voice before me ceased singing also.

"Good-night," it said. There was such kindness and frankness and sweetness in the voice, that I trusted it at once.

"Wait for me," I said; "I am lost in the night, and I want to find my way to Longville."

"I am going there too," said the voice, to which I drew nearer each moment; and immediately I saw a tall dark figure in the mist beside me.

"Brother," I said, trembling a little, though wherefore I knew not, "are we far from Longville?"

"Only ten minutes' walk," he answered, in a blithe tone, which cheered me not a little. "Take my arm, and we shall soon be there."

As my hand rested on his arm lightly, I felt a sense of great support and protection. As we came near the lighted window of the village inn, we looked into one another's faces. His was pleasant and handsome, like some of the best pictures I have ever seen. I do not know why, but I thought of the Angel Gabriel.

"We are at Longville," he said; "tell me where I can take you to."

"Sir," I answered, for I could not say Brother to him in the light; "I wish first to get to Woodbury."

"To Woodbury," he repeated, "at this time of night, and alone! There is a return coach coming up in a few minutes, by which I travel to Woodbury. Will you accept of my escort there?"

"Sir, I thank you," I answered: and I stood silent beside him, until the coach lamps shone close upon us in the fog. The stranger opened the door, but I hung back with a foolish feeling of shame at my poverty, which it was needful to conquer.

"We are poor people," I stammered. "I must travel outside."

"Not such a winter's night as this," he said. "Jump in."

"No, no," I replied, recovering my senses, "I shall go outside." A decent country woman, with a child, were already seated on the top of the coach, and I quickly followed them. My seat was the outer one, and hung over the wheels. The darkness was so dense that the fitful glimmer of the coach-lamps upon the leafless hedgerows was the only light to be seen. All else was black, pitchy night. I could think of nothing but my father, and the jail opening to imprison him. Presently I felt a hand laid firmly on my arm, and Gabriel's voice spake to me:

"Your seat is a dangerous one," he said. "A sudden jerk might throw you off."

"I am so miserable," I sobbed, all my courage breaking down; and in the darkness I buried my face in my hands, and wept silently; and even as I wept, the bitterness of my sorrow was assuaged.

"Brother," I said—for in the darkness I could call him so again. "I am only just come home from school, and I have not learned the ways and troubles of the world yet."

"My child," he answered, in a low tone, "I saw you lean your head upon your hands and weep. Can I be of any help to you?"

"No," I replied; "the sorrow belongs to me only, and to my house."

He said no more, but I felt his arm stretched out to form a barrier across the space where I might have fallen; and so through the black night we rode on to Woodbury.

Brother More was awaiting me at the coach-office. He hurried me away, scarcely giving me time to glance at Gabriel, who stood looking after me. He was eager to hear of my interview with my uncle; when I told him of my failure, he grew thoughtful, saying little until I was in the railway carriage, when he leaned forward and whispered, "Tell Priscilla I will come over in the morning."

Brother More is a rich man; perhaps, for Priscilla's sake, he will free my father.

Nov. 11. I dreamed last night that Gabriel stood beside me, saying, "I come to bring thee glad tidings." But as I listened eagerly, he sighed, and vanished away.

Nov. 15. Brother More is here every day, but he says nothing about helping my father. If help does not come soon, he will be cast into prison. Peradventure, my uncle will relent, and offer us some easier terms. If it were only to live half my time with him, I would consent to dwell in his house, even as Daniel and the three children dwelt unharmed in the court of Babylon. I will write to him to that effect.

Nov. 19. No answer from my uncle. To-day, going to Woodbury with Priscilla, who wished to converse with the pastor of the church there, I spent the hour she was engaged with him in finding my way to the jail, and walking round the outside of its gloomy and massive walls. I felt very mournful and faint-hearted, thinking of my poor father. At last, being very weary, I sat down on the step at the gateway, and looked into my little lot-book again. Once more I drew the verse, "Be of good courage." Just then, Brother More and Priscilla appeared. There was a look upon his face which I disliked, but I remembered that he was to be my sister's husband, and I rose and offered him my hand, which he tucked up under his arm, his fat hand resting upon it. So we three walked to and fro under the prison walls. Suddenly, in a garden sloping away beneath us, I perceived him whom I call Gabriel (not knowing any other name), with a fair sweet-looking young woman at his side. I could not refrain from weeping, for what reason I can not tell, unless it be my father's affairs. Brother More returned home with us, and sent John Robins away. John Robins desired me to remember him, which I will as long as I live.

Nov. 20. Most miserable day. My poor father is in jail. At dinner-time to-day two most evil-looking men arrested him. God forgive me for wishing they were dead! Yet my father spake very patiently and gently.

"Send for Brother More," he said, after a pause, "and act according to his counsel."

So after a little while they carried him away. What am I to do?

Nov. 30. Late last night we were still discoursing as to our future plans. Priscilla thinks Brother More will hasten their marriage, and Susannah has an inward assurance that the lot will fall to her to be Brother Schmidt's wife. She spake wisely of the duties of a missionary's life, and of the grace needed to fulfill them. But I could think of nothing but my father trying to sleep within the walls of a jail.

Brother More says he thinks he can see a way to release my father, only we are all to pray that we may have grace to conquer our self-will. I am sure I am willing to do any thing, even to selling myself into slavery, as some of our first missionaries did in the slave-times in the West Indies. But in England one can not sell one's self, though I would be a very faithful servant. I want to get at once a sum large enough to pay our debts. Brother More bids me not spoil my eyes with crying.

Dec. 1. The day on which my father was arrested, I made a last appeal to my uncle. This morning I had a brief note from him, saying he had commissioned his lawyer to visit me, and state the terms on which he was willing to aid me. Even as I read it, his lawyer desired to see me alone. I went to the parlor, trembling with anxiety. It was no other than Gabriel who stood before me, and I took heart, remembering my dream that he appeared to me, saying, "I come to bring thee glad tidings."

"Miss Eunice Fielding," he said, in his pleasant voice, and looking down upon me with a smile which seemed to shed sunshine upon my sad and drooping spirit.

"Yes," I answered, my eyes falling foolishly before his; and I beckoned to him to resume his seat, while I stood leaning against my mother's great arm-chair.

"I have a hard message for you," said Gabriel; "your uncle has dictated this paper, which must be signed by you and your father. He will release Mr. Fielding, and settle one hundred pounds a year upon him, on condition that he will retire to some German Moravian settlement, and that you will accept the former terms."

"I can not," I cried bitterly. "Oh! Sir, ought I to leave my father?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, in a low voice.

"Sir," I said, "you must please say 'no' to my uncle."

"I will," he replied, "and make it sound as gently as I can. You have a friend in me, Miss Eunice."

His voice lingered upon Eunice, as if it were no common name to him, but something rare and pleasing. I never heard it spoken so pleasantly before. After a little while he rose to take his leave.

"Brother," I said, giving him my hand, "farewell."

"I shall see you again, Miss Eunice," he answered.

He saw me again sooner than he expected, for I traveled by the next train to Woodbury, and, as I left the dark carriage in which I journeyed, I saw him alight from another part of the train, and at the same instant his eyes fell upon me.

"Where are you going to now, Eunice?" he demanded.

It seemed a pleasanter greeting than if he had called me Miss. I told him I knew my way to the jail, for that I had been not long ago to look at the outside of it. I saw the tears stand in his eyes, but, without speaking, he drew my hand through his arm, and I silently, but with a very lightened heart, walked beside him to the great portal of my father's prison.

We entered a square court, with nothing to be seen save the gray winter sky lying, as it were flat, overhead; and there was my father, pacing to and fro, with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head bowed down, as if it would never be raised again. I cried aloud, and ran and fell on his neck, and knew nothing more until I opened my eyes in a small bare room, and felt my father holding me in his arms, and Gabriel kneeling before me, chafing my hands, and pressing his lips upon them.

Afterward Gabriel and my father conferred together; but before long Brother More arrived, whereupon Gabriel departed. Brother More said, solemnly:

"That man is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and our Eunice is a tender lamb."

I can not believe that Gabriel is a wolf.

Dec. 2. I have taken a room in a cottage near the jail, the abode of John Robins and his wife, a decent tidy woman. So I can spend every day with my father.

Dec. 13. My father has been in prison a whole fortnight. Brother More went over to see Priscilla last night, and this morning he is to lay before us his plan for my father's release. I am going to meet him at the jail.

When I entered the room, my father and Brother More looked greatly perturbed, and my poor father leaned back in his chair, as if exhausted after a long conflict.

"Speak to her, brother," he said.

Then Brother More told us of a heavenly vision which had appeared to him, directing him to break off his betrothal to Priscilla, and to take me—*me!*—for his wife. After which he awoke, and these words abode in his mind, "The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

"Therefore, Eunice," he said, in an awful voice, "do you and Priscilla see to it, lest you should be found fighting against the Lord."

I was struck dumb as with a great shock, but I heard him add these words:

"I was also instructed in the vision, to set your father free, upon the day that you become my wife."

"But," I said at last, my whole heart recoiling from him, "this would be a shameful wrong to Priscilla. It can not be a vision from Heaven, but a delusion and snare. Marry Priscilla, and set my father free? Surely, surely, it was a lying vision."

"No," he said, fastening his gaze upon me; "I chose Priscilla rashly of my own judgment. Therein I erred; but I have promised her half her dowry as a compensation for my error."

"Father," I cried, "surely I ought to have some direction also, as well as he. Why should only he have a vision?" Then I added that I would go home and see Priscilla, and seek a sign for my own guidance.

December 14. Priscilla was ill in bed when I reached home, and refused to see me. I arose at five o'clock this morning, and stole down into the parlor. As I lighted the lamp, the parlor looked forlorn and deserted, and yet there lingered about it a ghostly feeling, as if perhaps my mother, and the dead children whom I never saw, had been sitting on the hearth in the night, as we sat in the daytime. Maybe she knew of my distress, and had left some tokens for my comfort and counsel. My Bible lay upon the table, but it was closed; her angel fingers had not opened it upon any verse that might have guided me. There was no mode of seeking direction, save by casting of lots.

I cut three little slips of paper of one length, and exactly similar—*three*, though surely I only needed two. Upon the first I wrote, "To be Brother More's wife," and upon the second, "To be a Single Sister." The third lay upon the desk, blank and white, as if waiting for some name to be written upon it, and suddenly all the chilly cold of the winter morning passed into a sultry heat, until I threw open the casement and let the frosty air breathe upon my face. I said in my own heart I would leave myself a chance, though my conscience smote me for that word "chance." So I laid the three slips of paper between the leaves of my Bible, and sat down opposite to them, afraid of drawing the lot which held the secret of my future life.

There was no mark to guide me in the choice of one slip of paper from another; and I dared not stretch out my hand to draw one of them. For I was bound to abide by the solemn decision. It seemed too horrible to become Brother More's wife; and to me the Sisters' Home, where the Single Sisters dwell, having all things in common, seems dreary and monotonous and somewhat desolate. But if I should draw the blank paper! My heart fluttered; again and again I stretched out my hand, and withdrew it; until at last the oil in the lamp being spent, its light grew dimmer and dimmer, and, fearful of being still longer without guidance, I snatched the middle lot from between the leaves of my Bible. There was only a glimmer of dying light, by which I read the words, "To be Brother More's wife."

That is the last entry in my journal, written three years ago.

When Susannah came down stairs and entered the parlor, she found me sitting before my desk, almost in an idiotic state, with that miserable lot in my hand. There was no need to explain it to her; she looked at the other slip of paper, one blank, and the other inscribed, "To be a Single Sister," and she knew I had been casting lots. I remember her crying over me a little, and kissing me with unaccustomed tenderness; and then she returned to her chamber, and I heard her speaking to Priscilla in grave and sad tones. After that, we were all passive; even Priscilla was stolidly resigned. Brother More came over, and Susannah informed him of the irrevocable lot which I had drawn; but besought him to refrain from seeing me that day; and he left me alone to grow somewhat used to the sense of my wretchedness.

Early the next morning I returned to Woodbury; my only consolation being the thought that my dear father would be set free, and might live with me in wealth and comfort all the rest of his life. During the succeeding days I scarcely left his side, never suffering Brother More to be alone with me; and morning and night John Robins or his wife accompanied me to the gate of the jail, and waited for me to return with them to their cottage.

My father was to be set free, only on my wedding-day, and the marriage was hurried on. Many of Priscilla's store of wedding garments were suitable for me. Every hour brought my doom nearer.

One morning, in the gloom and twilight of a December dawn, I suddenly met Gabriel in my path. He spake rapidly and earnestly, but I scarcely knew what he said, and I answered, falteringly:

"I am going to be married to Brother Joshua More on New-Year's day, and he will then release my father."

"Eunice," he cried, standing before me in the narrow path, "you can never marry him. I know the fat hypocrite. Good Heaven! I love you a hundred times better than he does. Love! The rascal does not know what it means."

I answered not a word, for I felt afraid both of myself and him, though I did not believe Gabriel to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," I whispered.

"I am your uncle's nephew by marriage," he said, "and I have been brought up in his house. Break off this wicked marriage with the fellow More, and I will engage to release your father. I am young, and can work. I will pay your father's debts."

"It is impossible," I replied. "Brother More has had a heavenly vision, and I have drawn the lot. There is no hope. I must marry him upon New-Year's day."

Then Gabriel persuaded me to tell him the whole story of my trouble. He laughed a little, and bade me be of good comfort; and I could not make him understand how impossible it was that I should contend against the dispensation of the lot.

Always when I was with my father I strove to conceal my misery, talking to him of the happy days we should spend together some time. Likewise I sang within the walls of the prison the simple hymns which we had been wont to sing in the peaceful church at school amidst a congregation of serene hearts, and I strengthened my own heart and my father's by the recollected counsels of my dear lost pastor. Thus my father guessed little of my hidden suffering, and looked forward with hope to the day that would throw open his prison doors.

Once I went to the pastor, dwelling in Woodbury, and poured out my heart to him—save that I made no mention of Gabriel—and he told me it was often thus with young girls before their marriage, but that I had a clear leading; he also told me that Brother More was a devout man, and I should soon love and reverence him as my husband.

At length the last day of the year came; a great day among our people, when we drew our lot for the following year. Every thing seemed at an end. All hope fled from me, if there ever had been any hope in my heart. I left my father early in the evening, for I could no longer conceal my wretchedness; yet when I was outside the prison walls I wandered to and fro, hovering about it, as if these days, miserable as they had been, were happy to those which were drawing near. Brother More had not been near us all day, but doubtless he was busy in his arrangements to release my father. I was still lingering under the great walls, when a carriage drove up noiselessly—for the ground was sprinkled with soft snow—and Gabriel sprang out, and almost clasped me in his arms.

"My dear Eunice," he said, "you must come with me at once. Our uncle will save you from this hateful marriage."

I do not know what I should have done had not John Robins called out from the driver's seat, "All right, Miss Eunice; remember John Robins."

Upon that I left myself in Gabriel's hands, and he lifted me into the carriage, wrapping warm coverings about me. It seemed to me no other than a happy dream, as we drove noiselessly along snowy roads, with the pale wan light of the young moon falling upon the white country, and now and then shining upon the face of Gabriel, as he leaned forward from time to time to draw the wrappers closer round me.

We might have been three hours on the way, when we turned into a by-road, which presently I recognized as the deep lane wherein I had first met Gabriel. We were going then to my uncle's house. So with a lightened heart I stepped out of the carriage, and entered his doors for the second time.

Gabriel conducted me into the parlor which I had seen before, and placed me in a chair upon the hearth, removing my shawl and bonnet with a pleasant and courteous care; and he was standing opposite to me, regarding me with a smile upon his handsome face, when the door opened and my uncle entered.

"Come and kiss me, Eunice," he said; and I obeyed him wonderingly.

"Child," he continued, stroking my hair back from my face, "you would not come to me of your own will, so I commissioned this young fellow to kidnap you. We are not going to have you marry Joshua More. I can not do with him as my nephew. Let him marry Priscilla."

There was such a hearty tone in my uncle's voice, that for a moment I felt comforted, though I knew that he could not set aside my lot. So he seated me beside him, while I still looked with wonderment into his face.

"I am going to draw a lot for you," he said, with an air of merriment; "what would my little rose-bud say to her fat suitor, if she knew that her father was a freed man at this moment?"

I dared not look into his face or into Gabriel's. For I remembered that I myself had sought for a token; and that no earthly power could set aside that, or the heavenly vision also, which Brother More had seen.

"Uncle," I said, shuddering, "I have no voice in this matter. I drew the lot fairly, and I must abide by it. You can not help me."

"We will see," he answered; "it is New-Year's eve, you know, and time to draw again. The lot will neither be to become Brother More's wife, nor a Single Sister, I promise you. We shall draw the blank this time!"

While I yet wondered at these words, I heard a sound of footsteps in the hall, and the door opened, and my beloved father stood upon the threshold, stretching out his arms to me. How he came there I knew not; but I flew to him with a glad cry, and hid my face upon his breast.

"You are welcome, Mr. Fielding," said my uncle; "Phil!"—it did now appear that Gabriel's name was Philip—"bring Mr. More this way."

I started with fright and wonder, and my father also looked troubled, and drew me nearer to his side. Brother More entered with a cowardly and downcast mien, which made him appear a hundred-fold more repulsive in my eyes, as he stood near the door, with his craven face turned toward us.

"Mr. More," said my uncle, "I believe you are to marry my niece, Eunice Fielding, to-morrow?"

"I did not know she was your niece," he answered, in an abject tone. "I would not have presumed—"

"But the heavenly vision, Mr. More?" interrupted my uncle.

He looked round for a moment, with a spiritless glance, and his eyes sank.

"It was a delusion," he muttered.

"It was a lie!" said Gabriel.

"Mr. More," continued my uncle, "if the heavenly vision be true, it will cost you the sum of five thousand five hundred pounds, the amount in which you are indebted to me, with sundry sums due to my nephew here. Yet if it be true, you must abide by it, of course."

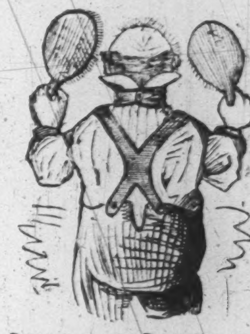
"It was not true," he answered; "the vision was concerning Priscilla, to whom I was betrothed. I was ensnared to change the name to that of Eunice."

"Then go and marry Priscilla," said my uncle, good-humoredly. "Philip, take him away."

But Priscilla would have no more to do with Brother More, and shortly afterward she settled among the Single Sisters in the same settlement where I had lived my quiet and peaceful youth. Her store of wedding garments, which had been altered to fit me, came in at last for Susannah, who was chosen to be the wife of Brother Schmidt, according to her inward assurance; and she went out to join him in the West Indies, from whence she writes many happy letters. I was troubled for a time about my lot, but certainly if Brother More's vision was concerning Priscilla, I could not be required to abide by it. Moreover, I never saw him again. My uncle and father, who had never met before, formed a close friendship, and my uncle would hear of nothing but that we should dwell together in his large mansion, where I might be as a daughter unto both of them. People say we have left the Church of the United Brethren; but it is not so. Only, as I had found one evil man within it, so also I have found some good men without it.

Gabriel is not one of the Brethren.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



SOME PERSONS ARE MOST PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR "BACK HAIR."

AMENDED QUOTATIONS.

By a Baker.—Familiar in their mouths as household bread.

By a Perruquier.—Sweet auburn! loveliest tresses of the plain.

By a Married Man whose better-half is a long time putting her things on:

Hope springs eternal in the husband's breast,
Wives never are, but always to be dress'd.

By a Champion of Woman's Rights.—The wish was mother to the thought.

Think of the Save-all. A dog lying on the hearth-rug with his nose to his tail is the emblem of Economy. He makes both ends meet.

UNPOPULAR SOLDIERS.—Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Head Centre.

Not long since, our friend Brown was on a visit to Lookout Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with the fact that a fine jet of water was thrown up above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking round the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with:

"My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?" meaning, of course, the hydraulic contrivance so named.

"A ram?" exclaimed the countryman.

"Yes, a ram, I say."

"What on airth—no, Sir; it's a darned big mule! and it's tremendous hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you."

Brown saw the mule, and left.

AMERICAN CLAIMS.

There is a large Tick between England and America. The Atlan-tic.

A "BARBAR"-OUS CONUNDRUM *(by our own hairdresser).*—Why is Macassar oil like a chief in the Fenian conspiracy?—Because it's a *head centre* (scenter)!

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:

God did at first make man upright; but *he*—

To which a gentleman added—

Most surely had continued so; but *she*—

Snooks's wife loves to make bread, because it cleans her hands beautifully.

The Earl of Surrey, afterward eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker, and a leading member of the Beef-steak Club, was so far from cleanly in his person that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent by-the-way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

OLD SAWS RE-SET.

The pitcher goes often to the well, but the latter has never been known to return the call.

When the cat's away the cook finds it difficult to explain how the cold meat goes.

What is sauce for the goose is generally composed of apples.

Never put off till to-morrow any thing that you have no intention of doing until the week after next.

Too many cooks spoil one's temper, but there are a few who can dress things decently.

None but the brave should be called upon to expose themselves to danger.

Killing two birds with one's tone is an act only to be accomplished by a singer whose organ is a *double*-barrel one.

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was accosted by the reviewing General, "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase yer Honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

Why is a Nabob like a beggar?—Because he's an Indygent.

TEMPTING SUBJECT FOR ANIMAL PAINTERS.—A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

"Well, Bridget, if I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I shall wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objictions, providin' you do the same when I wish to go out."

A MAIDEN SPEECH.—Ask papa.

A QUESTION FOR THE METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When rain falls does it ever get up again?

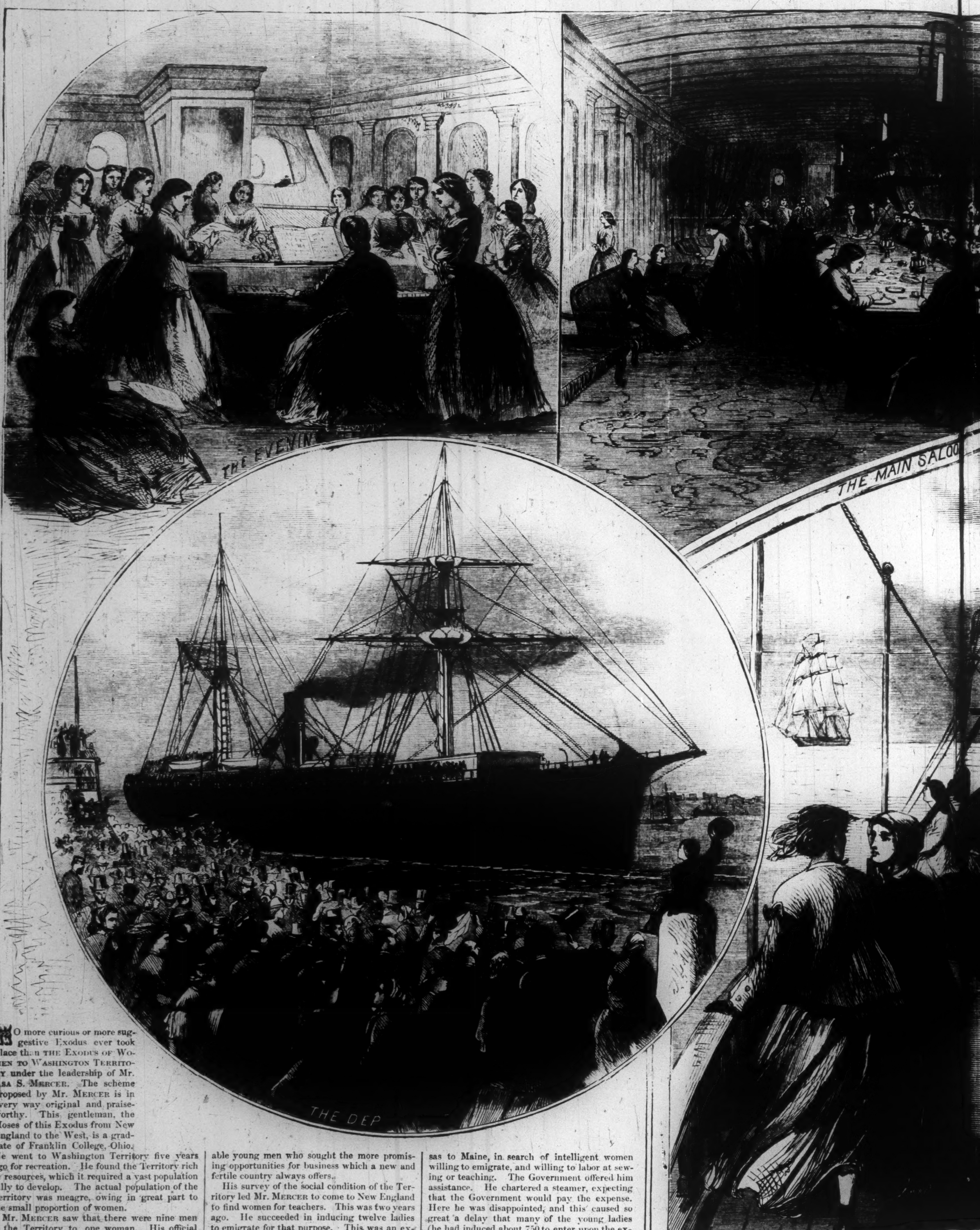
A doctor up town recently gave the following prescription for a lady: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a new pair of gaiter boots." The lady, it is needless to say, has entirely recovered.

What sort of day would be a good one for "Running for a Cup?"—A muggy day.

Why is a faithful printer like an ardent lover?—Because he "sets up" a great deal, and employs an occasional "embrace."

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather-bed?—One is hard up and the other soft down.

SHARP REPARTEE.—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing *hemp*."



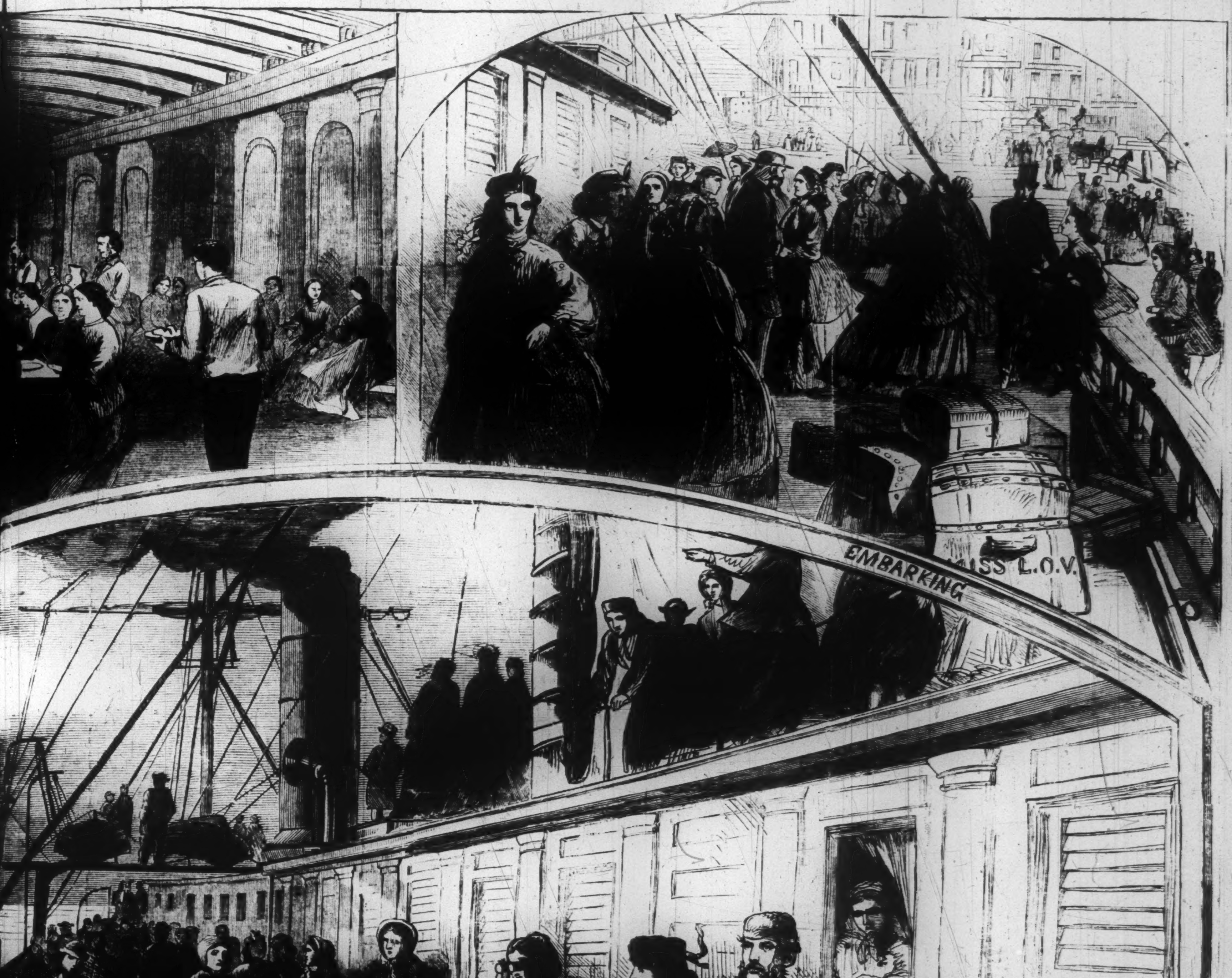
EMIGRATION TO WASHINGTON TERRITORY OF FOUR HUNDRED WOM

No more curious or more suggestive Exodus ever took place than THE EXODUS OF WOMEN TO WASHINGTON TERRITORY under the leadership of Mr. ASA S. MERCER. The scheme proposed by Mr. MERCER is in every way original and praiseworthy. This gentleman, the Moses of this Exodus from New England to the West, is a graduate of Franklin College, Ohio. He went to Washington Territory five years ago for recreation. He found the Territory rich in resources, which it required a vast population fully to develop. The actual population of the Territory was meagre, owing in great part to the small proportion of women.

Mr. MERCER saw that there were nine men in the Territory to one woman. His official position as President of the Washington Territory University—an office to which he was chosen soon after his arrival in the Territory—brought him into direct contact with the people. He saw that the emigrants from the Eastern States had been for the most part respectable young men who sought the more promising opportunities for business which a new and fertile country always offers.

His survey of the social condition of the Territory led Mr. MERCER to come to New England to find women for teachers. This was two years ago. He succeeded in inducing twelve ladies to emigrate for that purpose. This was an experiment, and it proved a success. He found that the ladies were soon married, and there were none to take their places.

Mr. MERCER therefore determined to undertake the transportation of women on a larger scale. He traveled over the North, from Kansas to Maine, in search of intelligent women willing to emigrate, and willing to labor at sewing or teaching. The Government offered him assistance. He chartered a steamer, expecting that the Government would pay the expense. Here he was disappointed, and this caused so great a delay that many of the young ladies (he had induced about 750 to enter upon the expedition) returned to their homes. Some friends advanced the necessary funds, and Mr. MERCER persevered in his undertaking. Although he takes but about four hundred women with him, we wish him success in his undertaking, hoping that this first Exodus may not be the last.


EMBARKING
ISS L.O.V.
ON DECK

OMEN ON THE STEAMER "CONTINENTAL."—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK to the bells, the sweet-voiced bells,
Which float across the solemn night!
Hear what an anthem of delight
With every passing moment swells,
As far and near, with voices clear,
They welcome in the glad New Year!

He comes, his limbs with garlands bound,
And round him, like a halo, now
The dawn of childhood, and his brow
With sacred mistletoe is crowned,
And in his eyes Hope's dawning light
Shines like a star upon the night.

He comes with soft and noiseless tread,
The young, the glad, the sweet New Year,
With gentle step he draweth near
To where the Old Year lieth dead,
And takes from out his lifeless hands
The glass which holds Time's shifting sands.

Disturb him not, the gray Old Year,
But fold his hands across his breast;
So let him lie and take his rest.
Tread lightly now, touch not his bier;
No need is there for him to weep;
Close his pale lids and let him sleep.

Alas! his hands with blood are red,
The mark of Cain is on his brow;
"Peace!" come away, forgive him now,
The sad Old Year, since he is dead:
Let him sleep on—he can not hear,
The bells that sound so sweet and clear.

But thou, New Year, with greetings free
We hail thy advent,—louder swells
The rapturous anthem of the bells;
With songs of joy we welcome thee,
With hearts which glow with hope and cheer
We greet thy coming, glad New Year!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XCIV.

WHAT PITY IS AKIN TO.

HE found himself in a small outer *salon* opening through wide folding-doors into a large room. A dark figure sitting beside an open window rose slowly at his approach, and a very low soft voice, in reply to his muttered salutation, bade him be seated.

"I trust," he said, "that Miss Rivière will pardon an intrusion which must seem unpardonable till it is explained."

"You are welcome, Sir," she replied. "If only as Mr. Forsyth's relative—"

She raised her eyes to his face for the first time, faltered, colored crimson, and, after a moment's hesitation, added:

"I think we have met before."

Saxon bowed, profoundly

"I believe," he said, "that I once had the honor of being useful to you for a few moments."

"You never gave me any opportunity of—of thanking you, Mr. Trefalden," she said, pressing her hands tightly together in her extremity of embarrassment.

"You gave me more thanks at the time, madam, than were merited by so trifling a service," replied Saxon; his self-possession all coming back to him at the sight of her timidity. "It seems strange that we should next meet in so very different a place."

"Very strange."

"But I had so much difficulty to trace you here that I began to fear we should not meet at all."

"Do you come from Angoulême?"

"No; I have followed you from England."

"Indeed? I—I thought you had perhaps met Mr. Forsyth in Angoulême, and—"

"My cousin does not know that I am in France," replied Saxon, gravely.

"How happy he will be to see you!"

Saxon looked down in silence.

"And—and he will be here in about an hour and a half," added Miss Rivière, with a glance at the pendule on the mantle-shelf.

"This evening?"

"Yes He returns to Bordeaux to-day, and will lodge to-night at the auberge in the village."

As she said this Miss Rivière, surprised by the undemonstrative way in which Saxon received her information, again lifted her eyes for a moment.

"I—I hope there is nothing the matter," she said, anxiously.

Saxon hesitated.

"I can not say that I am the bearer of good news," he replied.

"Oh dear, I am so sorry!"

"I am sorry too," said he; "more sorry than I can tell you."

The compassionate reluctance of his manner seemed to startle her.

"What do you mean?" she said, with evident apprehension.

"I mean that it grieves me to the soul to inflict the pain which my intelligence must give you."

"Must give *me!*" she faltered, looking for an instant quite white and scared. Then, smiling very sadly, she shook her head, and turned her face away. "Ah no," she said; "that is all over!"

"If I could indeed believe, Miss Rivière, that you would be indifferent to the tale I have to tell, my anxiety would be at an end," said Saxon, eagerly. "Will you forgive me if I ask you a very strange question?"

"I—I think so."

"Do you love my cousin?"

Miss Rivière turned a shade paler, and said, with some dignity:

"Mr. Forsyth is my best friend in the world—my only friend—and I honor him as he deserves to be honored."

"But if he were *not* your best friend, Miss Rivière? If instead of doing you service he had done you wrong? If that honor which you pay to him were utterly unmerited—what then? Nay, forgive me—I do not wish to alarm you; but I am here to-day to tell you terrible truths, and I now only implore you to listen to them patiently."

"I am quite willing to hear what you have to say, Mr Trefalden," Miss Rivière replied; "but my faith in your cousin will not be easily shaken."

"My own faith in him was not easily shaken," said Saxon. "Like yourself, I believed him to be my friend."

"Of what offense do you accuse him?"

"He has robbed me."

"Robbed you?"

"Yes—of two millions of money."

Miss Rivière looked at him with a sort of incredulous bewilderment.

"Of money?" she faltered. "You say that he has robbed you of money?"

"I trusted him with two millions, and he has robbed me of every farthing," replied the young man, pitilessly direct." "Nor is this all. He has robbed your cousin, Lord Castletowers, of twenty-five thousand pounds more."

"Mr. Forsyth does not know Lord Castletowers."

"Mr. Forsyth may not know Lord Castletowers, but William Trefalden—William Trefalden, the attorney-at-law—knows him perfectly well."

"William Trefalden—who is he?"

"William Trefalden is Mr. Forsyth—William Trefalden is my cousin—William Trefalden is the man to whom Miss Rivière was about to give her hand to-morrow."

The young girl half rose from her chair, and Saxon could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"I do not believe it!" she exclaimed. "It is monstrous—incredible!"

"It is true."

"What proof have you?"

"Not much; and yet I think enough to convince you. Do you know my cousin's handwriting?"

"Yes."

Saxon took a card from his purse and laid it before her.

"Do you recognize it?"

"Yes—this is his hand."

"Read it."

The young lady read aloud:—"'*Mrs. Rivière, Beaufort Villa, St. John's Wood.*' What does this mean? We never lived at St. John's Wood."

"Yet that is the address which William Trefalden left at Brudenell Terrace when you removed to Sydenham."

"That is very strange!"

Saxon produced a crumpled letter, and laid that also before her.

"Do you recognize his handwriting here as well?"

"Undoubtedly. Am I to read it?"

Saxon hesitated.

"It—it is his farewell letter to a poor woman he once loved," he said. "There is nothing in it that you may not read if you wish it."

Miss Rivière read, and returned it in silence.

"You observe the signature?"

"I do."

"You see that you have been imposed upon by a false name, and that others have been imposed upon by a false address?"

"Yes—I see it; but I do not understand—"

"Will you tell me how it was that you could not leave word with your landlady to what seacoast place you were going when you left Sydenham?"

"Mr. Forsyth did not decide upon Clevedon till we reached Paddington."

"Can you tell me why you have been taken from London to Clevedon, from Clevedon to Bristol, from Bristol to Bordeaux, instead of embarking direct for the States from either Southampton or Liverpool?"

"I do not know; I was not aware that we were pursuing an unusual route."

"But you see it now?"

"I see that we have made an unnecessary détour; but I do not know why—"

"Permit me to tell you why Because this journey is not the journey of an honest man, but the flight of a felon—a flight planned for months beforehand, and planned with no other end in view than to baffle inquiry and defeat pursuit. You leave Brudenell Terrace, and, thanks to the false address given, all trace of you is lost. You leave Sydenham, uncertain of your destination. You spend a few days at an obscure watering-place in the West of England, and then embark in a merchant steamer plying at uncertain dates between Bristol and Bordeaux. With what object?—simply that you may take your passage out to America from a French port instead of sailing direct from London, Southampton, or Liverpool. In order to do this you perform a tedious journey and lose many days by the way; while, had you started from Liverpool you would by this time have been within a few hours of New York. But then William Trefalden had committed a gigantic fraud, and he well knew that none of our great English ports were safe for him. He knew that my agents might be waiting for him at every point from which he would be likely to escape; but who would suspect him at Bristol? Who would confront him at Bordeaux? Who would arrest him as he landed, and say, 'Give up the two millions you have stolen, and resign the lady you have wronged?'"

Miss Rivière listened, her eyes fixed, her lips parted, her face becoming gradually paler and paler, as Saxon, in the intensity of his earnestness, laid his facts and inferences one by one before her.

Then the young man paused, seeing that she was convinced, but grieved also to see at the cost of how rude a shock that conviction was purchased.

"These are cruel truths," he said: "but what can I do? *I must* undeceive you. I have tracked you from house to house, from city to city, for no other purpose than to save you from the fate to which you are devoting yourself; and now the minutes are going fast, and I am forced to speak plainly, or it will soon be too late to speak at all!"

Miss Rivière wrung her hands despairingly.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, piteously, "why are you not here to tell me what I ought to do?"

"You believe? You are convinced?"

"Yes—alas! I am convinced; but shall I forget that this man was my father's early friend—my mother's benefactor?"

"If William Trefalden told you that he was your father's early friend, Miss Rivière, it was as false as the name under which he made himself known to you!"

"Ah, you do not know all that he did to serve us! You do not know how he sought us out when we were in poverty; how he—"

"Pardon me—I *do* know it. He sought you out because I gave him your card and requested him to do so. He bought your father's paintings on my account solely; and he never saw Mr. Rivière in his life. I never meant to tell you; but this leaves me no option."

The young girl covered her face with her hands and wept silently. Her tears went straight to Saxon's heart. He felt an irrepressible desire to take her in his arms and tell her that he would give his life to comfort and protect her. But not daring to do this, he only said, in his simple, boyish way:

"Pray don't cry. It makes me feel that I have been so cruel to you!"

But she made no reply.

"I can not tell you," he went on, "what I have suffered in the thought of inflicting this suffering upon you. I would have borne the double share gladly if I could. Do you forgive me?"

Still she wept on. He ventured a little nearer.

"I know how hard it is," he said, tenderly. "I have had to go through it all. He was my friend, and I thought he was the very soul of honor. I would hardly have believed it if an angel from heaven had told me that he would be false to his trust!"

"But he was my only friend," sobbed the young girl—"my only friend in all the world!"

"No, no," cried Saxon, "not your only friend! Don't say that! Don't think it! Look up—look in my face, and see if it is not the face of a truer man and a truer friend than William Trefalden!"

And so, kneeling down before her to bring his face upon a nearer level, the young man touched her hands timidly, as if he would fain draw them away, yet dared not take them in his own.

"Do look at me!" he pleaded. "Only once—only for one moment!"

She lifted her face, all pale with tears, and glancing at him shyly, tremblingly, like a frightened child, saw something in his eyes which brought the color back to her cheek in a flood of sudden scarlet.

"Oh, if I only dared to tell you!" he said, passionately. "May I?—may I?"

He took her hands in his—she did not withdraw them. He kissed them, first one and then the other. He leaned closer—closer.

"I love you, Helen," he whispered. "Can you forget all this misery, and be my little wife? My home is in Switzerland, where I have a dear father who is a pastor. We are a simple people, and we lead a simple life among our flocks and pastures; but we are no traitors. We neither betray our friends nor deceive those we love. Tell me, darling, will you love me a little? Will you come and live with me among my own beautiful Alps, far, far away?"

She smiled. He took that smile for his answer, and kissed the lips that gave it; and then, for a few minutes, they laughed and cried and rejoiced together, like children who have found a treasure.

"You must wear this till I can get you a smaller one," said Saxon, taking a ring from his finger and putting it upon hers.

"It is very beautiful," said Helen. "What is it?—a crystal?"

"No, a diamond."

"A diamond! I did not think there were any real diamonds in the world so large as that!"

"I will give you a necklace of them, every one bigger than this."

"What are you, then?—a prince?"

"A citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then the Swiss are very rich!"

"Not they, indeed; but I am the richest man in the Canton Grisons, and my wife will be a great lady—as great a lady as her grand-aunt, Lady Castletowers."

"Do you know Lady Castletowers?"

"Yes; her son is my most intimate friend. He is the dearest fellow in the world. You will be so fond of him!"

"I do not know any of my relations," said Helen, sadly, "except my Aunt Alethea—and she does not love me."

"She will find out that she loves you dearly when you wear your diamonds," laughed Saxon, his arm round her waist, and his curls brushing her cheek.

Helen sighed, and laid her head wearily against his shoulder.

"I do not want Lady Castletowers to love me," she said; "and I do not care for diamonds. I wish we were going to be poor, Saxon."

"Why so, Helen?"

"Because—because I fancy poor people are happier, and love each other better than rich people. My father and mother were very, very poor, and—"

"They never loved each other half so much as we shall love each other!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "I could not love you one jot more if I were as poor as Adam."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I am the happiest fellow in all the world! But tell me, Helen, did you never care for William Trefalden? Never at all?"

Helen shook her head.

"I respected him," she said. "I was grateful to him."

"But did you not love him a little?"

"No."

"Not in the least?"

"Not in the very least."

"And yet you would have married him!"

"Think how lonely I was."

"That is true—poor little Helen!"

"And he loved me. He was the only person in all the world who loved me."

"Except myself."

"Ah, but I could not know that! When did you first begin to love me, Saxon?"

"I hardly know. I think ever since I found you were in danger of marrying William Trefalden. And you!"

"I shall not tell you."

"Nay, that is not fair."

"Indeed I will not."

"Then I shall conclude that you do not love me at all!"

"No, no!"

"Positively, yes."

She turned her face away, half crying, half laughing.

"You have been my hero," she whispered, "ever since the day of our first meeting."

Happy Saxon! Half wild with joy, he took her in his arms, poured forth a thousand follies, and almost devoured her little hands with kisses. In the midst of his raptures the door opened and Mr. Guthrie came in; smiling, but apparently not much surprised by the spectacle before him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I knocked twice, but you did not hear me. I fear you do not know how late it is. The good woman down stairs tells me that Mr. Trefalden has appointed to dine here this evening at seven, and it is already half past six, with, I think, a storm coming up."

CHAPTER XCV.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

WITH closed windows, lighted lamp, and curtains jealously drawn, Saxon Trefalden and Mr. Guthrie sat together, ominously silent, in the larger *salon* of the Château de Peyrolles. On the table were placed pens, paper, and ink. The ante-room was left in darkness, and the folding-doors between stood a little apart. All was very still—in the house no voice, no footfall, no sound of life; out of doors, nothing but the weary moaning of the wind, and the creaking of the weather-cocks upon the turrets overhead.

They were waiting for William Trefalden.

Miss Rivière had withdrawn to her chamber, partly to escape all sight or hearing of the coming interview, and partly to make such slight preparation as might be necessary before leaving the château; the clergyman having promptly volunteered to find her a temporary asylum with the family of an English merchant settled at Bordeaux. It was therefore arranged that the carriage should be in readiness at the back entrance shortly after seven o'clock; and then, as soon as was practicable, they were all three to hasten back to Bordeaux as fast as Saxon's post-horses could carry them. In the mean while the appointed hour came and went; the two men waited, and still no William Trefalden made his appearance.

Presently the pendule on the mantle-shelf chimed the quarter.

Mr. Guthrie looked at his watch. Saxon rose, went over to the nearest window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out. It was now dusk; but there was still a pale, lurid gleam upon the horizon, by the light of which the young man could see the great clouds rolling together overhead, like the mustering of many armies.

"It will be a wild night," he said, as he resumed his chair.

"Hush!" replied the clergyman. "I hear wheels."

They listened; but the vehicle came along at a foot-pace, and went slowly round by the yard at the back of the château.

"It is only our own post-chaise," said Saxon.

And then they were again silent.

Five minutes; ten minutes; a quarter of an hour went by, and the pendule chimed again. It was now half past seven.

All at once Saxon held up his hand, and bent his head attentively.

"I hear nothing," said the clergyman.

"I hear a carriage and pair—coming very quickly—from the direction of Bordeaux!"

Mr. Guthrie smiled doubtfully; but Saxon's trained ear could not be deceived. In another moment the sound became faintly audible, then grew gradually louder, and ceased at last before the gates of the château.

Saxon looked out again.

"I see the carriage outside the gates," he said. "They are opened by a boy carrying a lantern. He alights—he pays the driver—he crosses the court-yard—the carriage drives away. He is here!"

With this he dropped the curtain, and turned down the lamp, so as to leave the room in half-shadow, while Mr. Guthrie, in accordance with their preconcerted plan, went out into the dark ante-room, and took up his station close against the door.

Presently they heard William Trefalden's voice chatting pleasantly with the housekeeper in the hall, and then his footsteps on the stairs. Outside the door he seemed to pause for an instant, then turned the handle and came in. Finding himself in the dark, he deposited something heavy on the floor, and, guided by the narrow line of light between the folding-doors, moved toward the second *salon*. As he did this Mr. Guthrie softly locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Slightly as the sound was, the lawyer heard it.

"What's that?" he said, quickly, and stopped half-way.

He listened, holding his breath the while; then sprang forward, threw the doors open, and passed into the adjoining room.

As he did so Saxon turned on the full light of the table-lamp, and the two men stood suddenly revealed to each other face to face.

"At last—traitor!"

A frightful pallor—that deadly pallor which is born, not of fear but of hatred—spread itself slowly over William Trefalden's countenance, and there remained. No other sign betrayed the tumult within. Haughty as an Indian at the stake, he folded his arms, and met his cousin's eye unflinchingly.

Thus they stood for a second or two, both silent. Then Mr. Guthrie came in from the anteroom, shut the folding-doors, and took his seat at the table; while Saxon resumed his former place, and, pointing to a chair standing apart from the rest, said:

"Please to sit there, William Trefalden."

The lawyer, with a sharp glance of recognition at the clergyman, flung himself carelessly into the chair.

"May I ask what this means?" he said, contemptuously. "An amateur Star-chamber?"

"It means justice and retribution," replied Saxon, sternly.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, leaned back in his chair, and waited for what should come next. He knew that all was over. He knew that his fairy gold had turned to withered leaves, and that the paradise of his dreams had suddenly vanished away, leaving in its place only the endless desert and the burning sands. He knew that the edifice which he had been rearing month after month, with such consummate skill, was shattered to dust—that the die on which he had staked reputation, country, personal safety, and his whole worldly future, had turned up a blank at the very moment when he believed the prize his own. He knew that Helen Rivière would never, never, now be wife of his; would never grace his home and gladden his heart with her smiles; never learn to give him love for love, in all the weary years that were to come! He knew that from this time forth he was a marked man, a branded felon dependent on the mercy of the kinsman whom he had betrayed; and yet, knowing all this, his self-command never wavered, his eye never quailed, his voice never faltered for an instant. He was desperate, but his pride and his courage were at least equal to his despair.

Saxon, sitting at the head of the table with his head leaning on his hand, looked down for some moments in silence.

"I have not much to say to you, William Trefalden," he began presently; "and what little I have to say must be said briefly. To reproach one who could act as you have acted would be idle. If you had any heart to be touched, any sense of honor to be awakened, neither you nor I would be sitting here to-night."

Still smiling scornfully, the lawyer listened, apparently with the greatest indifference.

"To keep, then, to plain facts," continued the young man, "you have defrauded me of two millions of money; you have that money in your possession; you are at this moment my prisoner; and I have but to call in the aid of the village police, and convey you to Bordeaux in the carriage which now waits below for that purpose. Such is your position, and such is mine. But I am unwilling to push matters to extremity. I am unwilling to attach public scandal to the name which you are the first of our family to disgrace. For my uncle's sake and my own, and from respect to the memory of many generations of honest men, I have decided to offer you a fair alternative."

He paused and referred to a slip of paper lying beside him on the table.

"In the first place," he continued, "I require you to restore the money of which you have robbed me. In the second place, you must sign a full confession of your guilt, both as regards the two millions stolen from myself and the twenty-five thousand pounds of which you have defrauded the Earl of Castletowers. In the third place, you must betake yourself to America, and never again be seen on this side the Atlantic. If you agree to these conditions, I consent to screen you from the law, and will give you the sum of one thousand pounds to help you forward honestly in the new life before you."

"And supposing that I decline the conditions," said Mr. Trefalden, calmly. "What then?"

"Then I simply ring this bell, and the boy who just now opened the gates to you will at once summon a couple of *sergents de ville* from the village."

The lawyer only elevated his eyebrows in the least perceptible degree.

"Your decision, if you please."

"My decision?" replied Mr. Trefalden, with as much apparent indifference as if the subject under consideration were the binding of a book or the framing of a picture. "Well—it appears to me that I am allowed no freedom of choice."

"Am I to understand that you accept my conditions?"

"I suppose so."

"Where, then, is the money?"

"In the adjoining room. You have but to take possession of it."

Mr. Guthrie rose, fetched the carpet-bag, and placed it on the table.

"Your keys, if you please."

William Trefalden produced three small keys on a ring, and handed them to the clergyman.

"You will find the money excellently invested," he said, looking on with unruffled composure while the bag, the deed box, and the cash box were successively opened. The contents of the last were then turned out upon the table, and Mr. Guthrie, with a view to ascertaining whether the whole sum was actually there represented, proceeded to examine each item separately. But he found, after a very few minutes, that the attempt was fruitless. The notes and specie offered no difficulties, but of notes and specie there was, comparatively, but a small proportion, while the bulk of the booty consisted of securities of the value of which he could form no opinion, and precious stones which it would have needed a lapidary's knowledge to appraise.

"I confess," he said, "that I am wholly unequal to the task of verifying this money. It needs a better man of business than myself."

"Then it must go unverified," said Saxon, taking up rouleaux and papers as they came, and thrusting them back again, pell-mell, into the box. "I am no man of business myself, and I can not prolong this painful investigation beyond to-night. We will go on to the declaration."

"If you will tell me what you wish said, I will draw it up for you," said Mr. Guthrie.

Saxon then whispered his instructions, and the clergyman's pen ran swiftly over the paper. When it all was written, he read the declaration aloud:

"I, William Trefalden, of Chancery Lane, London, attorney-at-law, do acknowledge and confess to having obtained the sum of two millions sterling from my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, with intent to defraud him of the same; and I confess to having deceived him with the belief that I had invested it for his use and advantage in the shares of a certain supposititious Company, which Company had no actual existence, but was wholly invented and imagined by myself to serve my own fraudulent ends. I also confess to having invested those two millions in such foreign and other securities as I conceived would turn to my own future profit, and to having fled from England with the whole of the property thus abstracted, intending to escape therewith to the United States of America, and appropriate the same to my own purposes.

"I likewise confess to having, two years since, received the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds from my client, Gervase Leopold Wynneclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, which sum it was my duty to have straightway paid over into the hands of Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread Street, London, for the liquidation of a mortgage debt contracted by Lord Castletowers some four years previously; but which sum I did, nevertheless, appropriate to my own uses, continuing to pay only the interest thereof, as heretofore, in the name of my client.

"And I allege that this confession, both as regards the offense committed by me against my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, and as regards the offense committed by me against my client the Earl of Castletowers, is in all respects substantially and absolutely true, as witness my signature, given in presence of the undermentioned witnesses, this twenty-second day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty."

Mr. Guthrie, having read the statement through, passed it across the table. William Trefalden, still leaning back carelessly in his chair, affected to smile at the lawyer-like way in which the clergyman had rounded his sentences, but, as the reading proceeded, frowned, and beat his heel impatiently upon the polished floor.

Saxon pushed the inkstand toward him.

"Your signature," he said.

The lawyer rose—took up a pen—dipped it in the ink—hesitated—and then, with a sudden movement of disdain, flung it back upon the table.

"You have your money," he said, impatiently. "What more can you want?"

"I require the evidence of your guilt."

"I can not—will not sign it. Take your money, in God's name, and let me go!"

Saxon rose, pale and implacable; his hand upon the bell.

"The alternative lies before you," he said. "Sign, or I give the signal."

William Trefalden cast a hasty glance about the room, as if looking for some weapon wherewith to slake the hatred that glittered in his eye; then, muttering a fierce oath between his teeth, snatched up the pen, and, as it were, dug his name into the paper.

"There, curse you!" he said, savagely. "Are you satisfied?"

Mr. Guthrie affixed his own signature as witness to the confession, and Saxon did the same.

"Yes," the young man replied, "I am satisfied. It only remains for me to fulfill my share of the compact."

And he selected Bank of England notes to the value of one thousand pounds.

The lawyer deliberately tore them into as many fragments.

"I would die a dozen deaths," he said, "sooner than owe a crust to your bounty."

"As you please. At all events, you are now free."

Hereupon Mr. Guthrie rose, took the key from his pocket, and unlocked the outer door. The lawyer followed him. On the threshold he turned:

"Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a low, deep, concentrated tone, "if ever man hated man, I hate you. I hated you before I ever beheld you, and I have hated you with a tenfold hatred from the hour when we first met face to face. Remember that. Remember that my deadly curse will be upon you and about you all the days of your life—upon your children, and upon your children's children—upon your marriage-bed, and your death-bed, and your grave. There is no sorrow, no disease, no shame, that I do not pray may embitter your life, and blast your name in this world—no extremity of despair and anguish which I hope may not fall to your portion in the next. Take this for my farewell!"

There was something frightful in the absence of all passion and fury, in the cold, calm, deliberate emphasis with which William Trefalden uttered this parting malediction; but Saxon heard it with a face of solemn pity and wonder, and looked at him steadily from the first word to the last.

"May God forgive you as I do!" he then said, devoutly. "May God in his infinite mercy forgive you and pity you, and soften your heart, and not visit these curses upon your own unhappy head!"

But William Trefalden was already gone, and heard no word of his cousin's pardon.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHAT a merry time every body had preparing for Christmas, notwithstanding old Boreas and his storm-bearing associates combined to prevent! First came the rain, pouring steadily all day, and the ladies stood at the windows shaking their heads at the muddy streets, but ended by donning water-proofs and rubber boots and courageously facing the storm. Then came the snow, softly but thickly, making a disagreeable "slosh" on every crossing. But who cared for *that* when Christmas gifts were brightening every shop window? Next Æolus sent forth all his emissaries, and boldly did they battle. But it was of no use—every body buttoned up their coats and furs a little closer, and nodded gayly to the wind. So, finally, the elements yielded, and there came a bright sunny morning, and "all the world and his wife" went out to finish up the shopping. What mattered it to them if the skies *were* overcast before noon? Even if the sun did not do his duty, wasn't there plenty of gaslight in every shop? and such a confusing display of pretty things? and complaisant clerks ready to pocket their money? And was not the vision of sundry pairs of bright, eager, expectant eyes at home a constant pleasure? Every body was genial; every body was accommodating; every body was ready to give something to the little shivering boy who held out his hand. Nobody was ashamed to carry bundles; nor to say, "I have spent all my money," with a shake of the head at some new attraction.

And so, at length, Christmas Day—with song and praise, with gifts and gladness—came and went.

Now, standing on the threshold of 1866, we bid farewell to the old year—this eventful 1865, in which our country has been rescued, though at such a fearful price—and turn a hopeful gaze to the future, tendering our warmest wishes to all, that not only the old springs of enjoyment may flow more freely, and pour a purer stream than ever before, but that new sources of happiness may open with the New Year.

We presume that very few ladies will be "*not at home*" on New-Year's Day. The following paragraph, therefore, taken from a recent Boston paper, probably presents the etiquette considered suitable for ordinary occasions—in Boston:

> "Not at home" may mean not in the house, or not at home *to visitors*, the latter words understood, but not expressed. I fear there is no *polite* alternative; for certainly, when I drove up to the door, if my footman brought me back word, "Mrs. So-and-so is engaged," I should consider it equivalent to a "cut direct."

The phrase "Not at home" is designedly *ambiguous*, to say the least. In many circles of society it is positively *false*, because understood literally. If a lady *wishes* to give the "cut direct" to a caller, and saying she "is engaged" (if she is) will accomplish that object, we don't know of any better way to do it. But if not, we think there *is* a "polite alternative." In the first place, if ladies would always make their morning toilet neat and tasteful enough to be suitable to receive a friend in it, until they dressed for the day, callers need not be kept waiting on ordinary occasions, nor dismissed with "engaged" or "not at home." And aside from dressing (which we fancy is often the origin of "not at home"), a lady is seldom so imperatively engaged that she might not step to the parlor, cordially greet her visitors, and, if needful, state frankly at once that her baby is ill—that she has promised to meet a friend at that hour—that her preserves are over the fire, and require more than servants' attention—or whatever the case may be. If the necessity exists, and this is done gracefully and cordially, no one of good sense will be offended, but will honor the more a lady who thus lays aside a very inconvenient kind of false pride. Of course if illness or extraordinary circumstances exist, a message to that effect will, or should, be accepted as all-sufficient.

When "paterfamilias" settles the bill for the Christmas dinner we fancy he would not be sorry if the old times of 1710 could return, when in Scotland "ffourteen egs" were sold for "ane shilling Scotts" (equal to about one penny of our money), "ane good hen at two shilling Scotts, ane goose at eight shilling Scotts; duck and drake, wild and tame, at four shilling." In those days, however, prices were settled by law. Later, in 1742, "strong old claret was sold at fourteen shillings the dozen," and for "smaller old claret" twelve shillings; "herry cost fourteen shillings a dozen, and brandy twelve. Eggs sold at a penny a dozen, hens at fourpence each, and ducks at sixpence, twelve chickens for sixteenpence, "a leg of beef" for six shillings, and "a side of mutton" for five. Alas! those days are past!

New York is bad enough, but seldom is there any record of any deed in *this* city so *mean* as the following:

> "A fellow has been arrested in Boston for robbing a cripple of a pair of crutches!"

A Virginia paper gives the following curious account of a family wedding-coat:

> "Many years since an old German citizen of Pendleton County, when about to lead his fair 'frow' to the hymeneal altar, purchased a broadcloth coat, in which he was married. His wife presented him with many children, among whom were eight sons, all of whom were married in the same coat in which their father married their mother. The youngest of the eight sons had seven sons, all of whom were married in the same wedding-coat; and after the youngest son of the seven, or the youngest grandson of the original owner of the coat, had led his blushing bride to the altar in his venerable grandfather's fashionable wedding-coat he sold it for the sum of $10. What has become of the coat since it was sold we have not been advised, but suppose that some one is keeping it for the purpose of getting married in it."

The Jewish Talmud holds this opinion in regard to woman:

> "A good wife is Heaven's noblest gift. A housewife never allows herself to be disturbed from her work; even while conversing, she is busily spinning. An old, experienced woman in a household is an ornament to it like a pearl. He who lives in an unmarried state knows no joys, none of the blessings of home, and is without support. God has given to woman more ability of judging correctly than a man."

The English papers are fond of publishing all the "distressing accidents" and "awful deaths" from crinoline that they can collect. Evidently they have no liking for that article of ladies' dress. We do not hear of frequent accidents in America from that cause; consequently it must be that English ladies are not so skillful in the management of that part of their attire as American ladies are. One of the foreign papers states that a strange accident recently occurred at a public ball, resulting from some awkwardness on the part of a *gentleman*. An officer became entangled by the crinoline of his partner, and, falling, broke one of his legs; the lady, rolling over him in her turn, fell upon and broke his other leg.

A country couple recently went to be married at Stockport. The man evidently thought some portions of the marriage service superfluous, for when the minister asked him "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he immediately answered, "I be come o' purpose."

One of the London magazines, in an article on "*Big Hotels*," thus alludes to those in our own vicinity:

> "The Irving House, the Astor House, the Metropolitan, and the St. Nicholas hotels at New York, and the Mount Vernon Hotel in New Jersey, have shown, for the last twelve years, what stupendous establishments Brother Jonathan requires—six to eight hundred bedrooms under one roof; three hundred servants; a steam-laundry that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in fifteen minutes!); the beef of a thousand oxen cooked and served up in a year; bell-telegraphs to every room; five-and-twenty omnibuses, and other carriages, to convey visitors to and from the hotel; a mile and a half of verandas and balconies in front of the several ranges of rooms; hot and cold water baths to every bedroom; a hundred miles of gas and water pipes; a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished and served that ten guineas a day is charged for its use—all these things the Americans have long been accustomed to."

Much sensation has been caused in India by an English girl of fourteen years of age having been sold to the Chief of Bhatwa, in the Kattywar territory, to be placed in his harem. He is said to be seventy years old, and to have bought her of her parents for 3000 rupees (£300). The parents were poor and dissolute, and the sum of 3000 rupees was the tempting bait which was to make them drive their little fish into the Nawab of Bhatwa's net. A clergyman tried to interpose between the unnatural parents and the brutal purchaser, but in vain. A deed, however, was drawn up, by which it was stipulated that, in the event of her being at any time banished from that blessed abode of virtue, the harem, she is to receive for the term of her natural life the handsome allowance of 250 rupees per mensem, or 3000 rupees per annum.

At present more head-dresses are worn in Paris than any other description; by these are meant such things as rows of small curls, which are attached to a comb, and then fastened across the forehead, and sometimes even all round the head; occasionally a scaffolding of these small curls, powdered with gold, is to be seen. Then bunches of long ringlets are prepared with a comb in the same manner, and fastened at the back of the head; the false plaits and twists are extremely thick, and these are pinned round the head to form bandeaux. As all fashions are but fleeting, few ladies care to submit to have their front hair cut so as to be able to wear the short frizzed curls so much in vogue; consequently, with few exceptions, every one submits to wear those already prepared and mounted on either combs or ribbon bandelets.

The following description of a few of the new styles may interest our lady readers:

THE DIANA HEAD-DRESS.—The hair is entwined as a French twist, and arranged across the forehead; small smooth bands of hair are combed at intervals over the coronet. Small curls are worn round the face, and gold crescents, enriched with precious stones, are fastened on the coronet and between the bands of hair. The back hair is arranged in thick plaits, looped up with a gold comb, and a white feather at the side, arranged to fall low on the shoulder.

THE EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS consists of a coronet of short curls across the forehead, the curls being divided in the centre by a band of velvet, with interlaced lines of either silver or gold thread upon it; a branch of barberries with silver foliage at the side. Curls pinned across the back of the head, and fastened at the top with a gold and enamel comb.

There is another style, rather more simple, in which the hair is turned back from the forehead over a small frizzette, and is kept in its place with a thick gold cord, which is carried twice round the head, and then tied at the sides in graceful bows. The hair is arranged at the back with a thick plait.

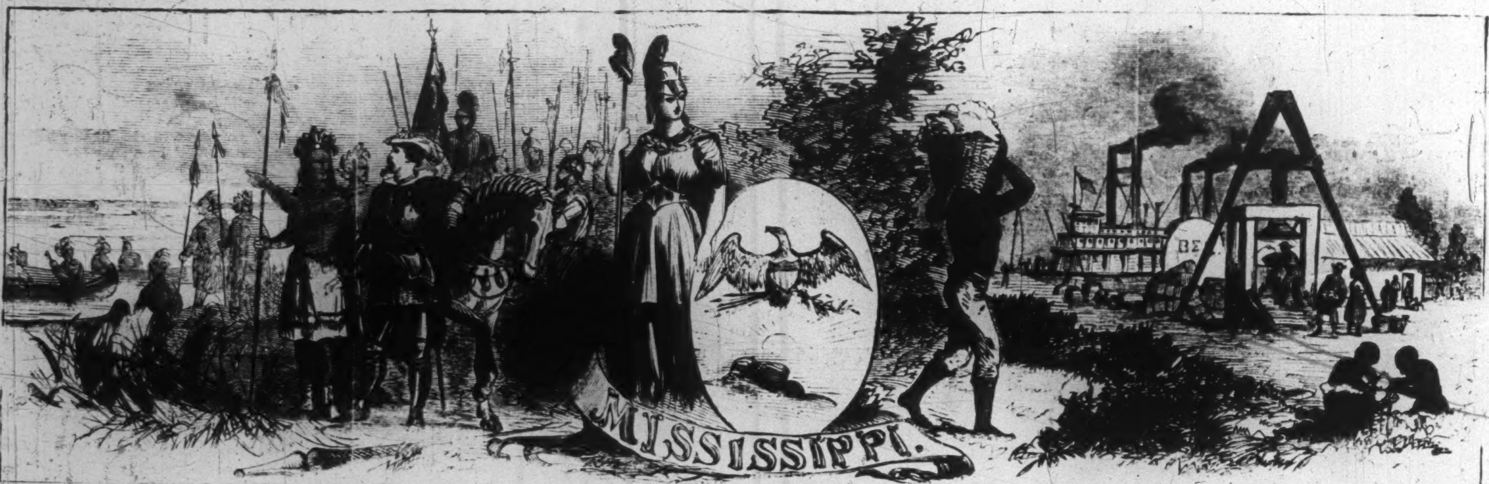
How do our readers like this style of dress for "a child who is as yet a baby?" A white silk skirt; a low white silk bodice; a muslin *guimpe*; a scarf, likewise in white silk, fastened with a bow on the shoulder, crossing the chest, and then tied at the side; a white silk pelisse, embroidered by hand in chain-stitch and pearls; a white beaver hat, bound with velvet, and a long white feather at the side. That child is the daughter of a fashionable Parisian, and is cited as one of the most tastefully-dressed children in Paris.

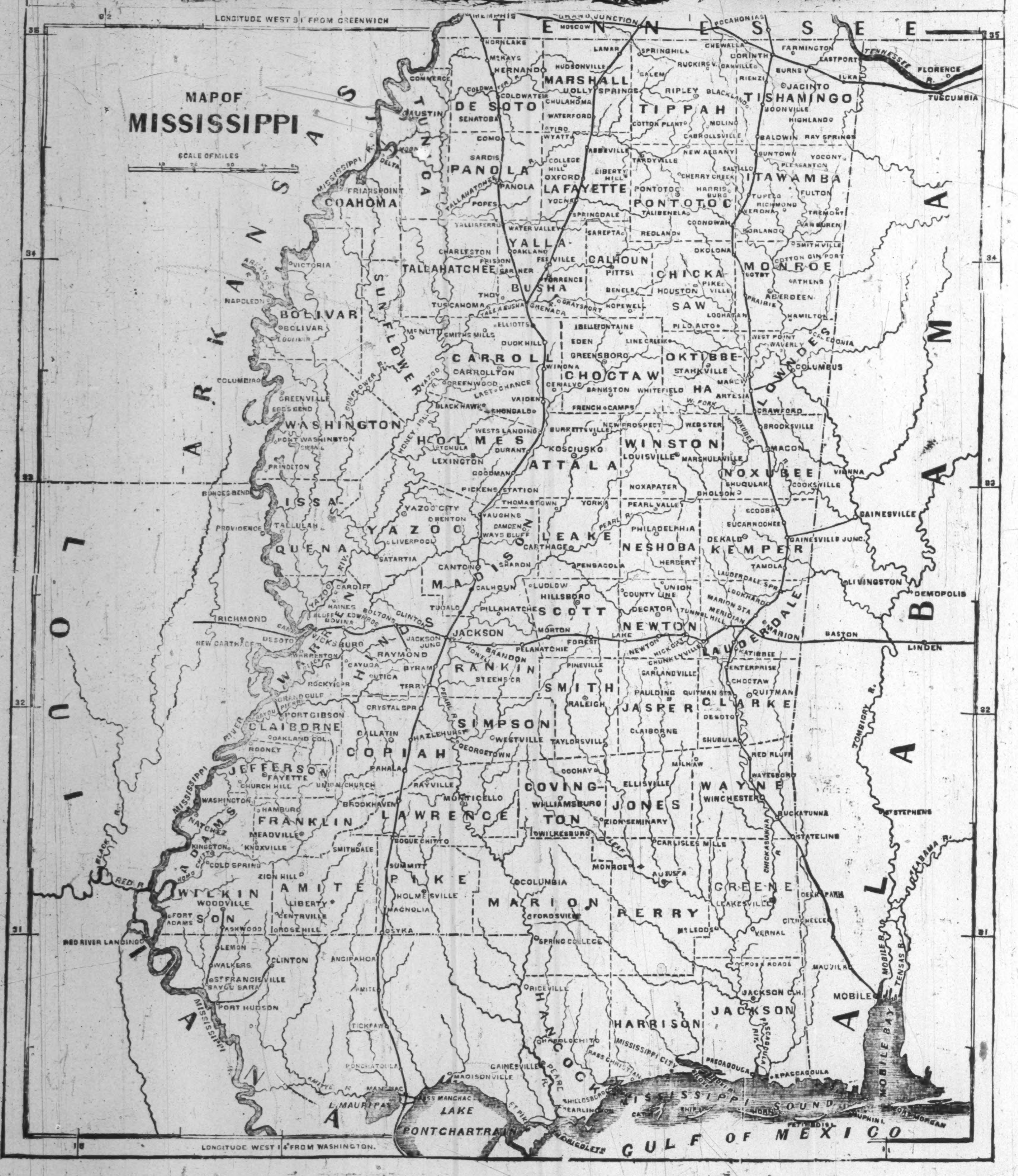
Among the patents lately taken out in France are the following:

> "A hygienic alphabet in gingerbread; a method of making head-dresses, caps, and pocket-handkerchiefs in paper; a mechanical fan, opening and shutting instantaneously: a machine for cutting stone by means of a system of points, reproducing minutely the relief required; an apparatus for making deaf people hear; and ten patents for stopping railway trains."

The intended betrothal of Princess Helena to Prince Christian, of Augustenburg, is announced. It is understood that the marriage will be one of affection, and that, as the Prince has neither country nor subjects to claim his attention, the Royal couple will permanently reside in England.

The French medical schools refuse to admit ladies to study medicine. A lady, M'lle Renggner, a native of Algiers, having passed her examination, and obtained the diploma of Bachelor of Letters, applied to the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, of Montpelier, to be allowed to study medicine in that university, but was refused. She then appealed to the Minister of Public Instruction, and he proposed the following compromise: That she should be permitted to study medicine on condition that, when qualified to practice, she should confine her labors to the Arab women of Algiers, who have a great objection to male physicians. This was declined by M'lle Renggner.


MISSISSIPPI.


MAP OF MISSISSIPPI
SCALE OF MILES
LONGITUDE WEST 91 FROM GREENWICH
LONGITUDE WEST 14 FROM WASHINGTON
TENNESSEE
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
ALABAMA
GULF OF MEXICO
LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN
MISSISSIPPI SOUND
MOBILE BAY
MISSISSIPPI R.
DE SOTO
MARSHALL
TIPPAH
TISHAMINGO
TUNICA
PANOLA
LA FAYETTE
PONTOTOC
ITAWAMBA
COAHOMA
YALLABUSHA
CALHOUN
CHICKASAW
MONROE
TALLAHATCHEE
SUNFLOWER
BOLIVAR
CARROLL
CHOCTAW
OKTIBBEHA
LOWNDES
WASHINGTON
HOLMES
ATTALA
WINSTON
NOXUBEE
ISSAQUENA
YAZOO
LEAKE
NESHOBA
KEMPER
MADISON
SCOTT
NEWTON
LAUDERDALE
WARREN
HINDS
RANKIN
SMITH
JASPER
CLARKE
CLAIBORNE
COPIAH
SIMPSON
JEFFERSON
FRANKLIN
LAWRENCE
COVINGTON
JONES
WAYNE
ADAMS
WILKINSON
AMITE
PIKE
MARION
PERRY
GREENE
HANCOCK
HARRISON
JACKSON
VICKSBURG
NATCHEZ
MOBILE
MEMPHIS
COLUMBUS

MISSISSIPPI.

In the present situation of the country the material condition of the Southern States is of primary importance. We give on page 12 A MAP OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, surmounted by an emblematic representation of that State. In the centre of the latter is the STATE ARMS, with the eagle and the sun rising over the waters. Above is an armed figure of Minerva, bearing the liberty cap on the spear in her right hand. On the left we behold DE SOTO, the Governor of Cuba, and probably the first white man who ever saw the River Mississippi, in converse with an Indian chief, while his mailed followers are grouped behind. To the right is a sketch illustrating the great agricultural interest of the State—field laborers bringing in their baskets of cotton to the huge cotton-press which rises in the back-ground.

Mississippi lies between 31° 10′ and 35° north latitude and between 88° 9′ and 91° 40′ west longitude from Greenwich, mean annual temperature varies from 60° to 70° Fahr.; area, 47,146 square miles, of which, in 1860, 5,065,755 acres were in improved farms, and 10,773,927 unimproved farms, valued together at $190,760,367; and the value of farm implements and machinery was $8,826,512. The surface has a general slope in a direction south and southwestern. The portion of the State bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and extending for 100 miles inland, is a sandy country, with but few slight elevations, originally covered with pines. The region north of the Yazoo River, and between it and the Mississippi, is a large tract of alluvial land, of great fertility, subject at times to inundation. The other portion of the State is a slightly elevated table-land, traversed by ridges of moderate elevation, some of which terminate at the Mississippi in what are termed bluffs. The only rivers of note are the Pascagoula and Pearl, flowing into the Mississippi Sound; and the Big Black and Yazoo, running into the Mississippi River, which flows along the entire western border of the State. The surface is well drained by many smaller streams, of which the above-mentioned rivers are the recipient of their waters. It has a coast-line of about 70 miles, a series of low sandy islands, off about ten miles, extend the entire line, the most noted of which are Ship, Horn, and Cat islands, between which and the shore lies the body of water called Mississippi Sound. The population of the State in 1860 was 791,305, of which 353,901 were whites, 773 free colored, and 436,631 were slaves. The following table shows the white, free colored, slave, and aggregate population of each county; and also the number of bales of cotton, of 400 pounds each, produced:

COUNTIES.	Whites.	Free Colored.	Slaves.		Aggregate.	Ginned Cotton Bales of 400 lbs. each.
			Black.	Mulatto.		
Adams	5,648	225	13,881	411	20,165	29,788
Amite	4,427	9	7,264	276	12,336	17,456
Attala	9,144	10	4,545	470	14,169	11,587
Bolivar	1,393	..	8,654	424	10,471	33,452
Calhoun ...	7,695	..	1,561	262	9,518	8,166
Carroll	8,214	13	12,416	1,392	22,035	48,880
Chickasaw .	7,338	1	8,138	949	16,426	26,494
Choctaw ...	11,525	..	3,673	524	15,722	13,558
Claiborne ..	3,339	44	11,368	928	15,679	33,178
Clark	5,692	3	4,567	509	10,771	9,196
Coahoma ..	1,521	..	4,762	323	6,606	13,325
Copiah	7,432	1	7,575	390	15,398	24,461
Covington .	2,845	..	1,344	219	4,408	3,002
De Soto....	9,349	..	12,579	1,408	23,336	40,113
Franklin ..	3,498	15	4,309	443	8,265	13,560
Greene	1,596	1	630	75	2,232	146
Hancock...	2,282	..	760	97	3,139	*
Harrison ..	3,751	53	675	340	4,819	4,670
Hinds	8,940	36	20,401	1,962	31,339	54,685
Holmes.....	5,806	10	11,237	738	17,791	41,849
Issaquena..	587	..	6,907	337	7,831	41,170
Itawamba .	14,156	11	2,978	550	17,695	12,276
Jackson....	2,955	80	987	100	4,122	4
Jasper.....	6,453	5	4,186	363	11,007	10,132
Jefferson...	2,918	35	11,695	701	15,349	30,913
Jones	2,916	..	373	34	3,323	633
Kemper ...	5,936	5	5,363	378	11,682	15,404
Lafayette..	8,989	7	6,566	623	16,125	19,282
Lauderdale.	8,224	1	4,566	522	13,313	12,700
Lawrence..	5,513	4	3,461	235	9,213	6,893
Leake	6,266	2	2,546	510	9,324	10,251
Lowndes...	6,891	4	15,836	894	23,625	51,234
Madison ...	5,260	4	16,454	1,664	23,382	51,327
Marion	2,500	1	2,071	114	4,686	2,379
Marshall ..	11,376	8	15,867	1,572	28,823	49,348
Monroe....	8,545	9	12,084	645	21,283	46,385
Neshoba ...	6,131	..	1,865	347	8,343	5,692
Newton....	6,279	3	3,071	308	9,661	8,205
Noxubee...	5,171	..	14,403	1,093	20,667	50,096
Oktibbeha .	5,328	18	7,092	539	12,977	19,959
Panola	5,237	..	7,626	931	13,794	24,311
Perry	1,858	10	654	84	2,606	306
Pike	6,174	26	4,504	431	11,135	8,588
Pontotoc...	14,513	4	6,899	697	22,113	24,258
Rankin	6,530	2	6,773	330	13,635	18,156
Scott	5,180	..	2,757	202	8,139	7,152
Simpson ...	3,744	12	2,199	125	6,080	4,670
Smith	5,435	8	1,885	310	7,638	5,509
Sunflower..	1,102	..	3,526	391	5,019	*
Tallahatch'	2,835	1	4,428	626	7,890	15,894
Tippah	16,206	13	5,619	712	22,550	20,327
Tishamingo	19,159	9	4,414	567	24,149	11,479
Tunica	883	..	3,110	373	4,366	13,625
Warren ...	6,896	37	10,251	3,512	20,696	36,338
Washingt'n	1,212	..	13,021	1,446	15,679	*
Wayne....	1,744	..	1,872	75	3,691	2,742
Wilkinson .	2,779	22	12,487	645	15,933	39,387
Winston...	5,583	5	3,793	430	9,811	9,690
Yalabusha .	7,415	6	8,993	533	16,952	24,760
Yazoo.....	5,657	..	16,192	524	22,373	64,075
Total...	353,901	773	400,013	36,618	791,305	1,202,507

* No returns.

Mississippi produces the largest amount of cotton of any other of the States of the Union; in 1860 it amounted to 1,202,507 bales of ginned cotton, of 400 pounds each. The grain crops of 1860 consisted of—wheat, 587,925 bushels produced; rye, 39,474; Indian corn, 29,057,682; oats, 221,235; barley, 1875, buckwheat, 1699; and rice, 809,082 pounds; and there were produced of pease and beans 1,954,666 bushels; Irish potatoes, 414,320; sweet potatoes, 4,563,873; tobacco, 159,141 pounds; wool, 665,959; and there were made, at the same period, 7262 gallons of wine; butter, 5,006,610 pounds; cheese, 4427; sugar, 506 hogsheads, of 1000 pounds each; 10,016 gallons of molasses, and 1427 of sorghum molasses. Home-made manufactures were valued at $1,382,144. The live-stock in 1860 consisted of 117,571 horses, 110,723 asses and mules, 207,646 milch cows, 105,603 working oxen, and other cattle 416,660; sheep, 352,632; and swine, 1,532,768;—valued, in the aggregate, at $41,891,692. Value of animals slaughtered, $7,809,153.

Manufactures.—There were, in 1860, 976 establishments of industry, with a capital invested in real and personal estate in the business of $4,384,942; the value of raw material consumed was valued at $3,146,636; hands employed, 4572 males, and 203 females, producing articles valued at $6,590,687.

The internal improvements consist of several extensive lines of railroads, which, in 1860, amounted in the aggregate to 872 miles, the cost of construction of which amounted to $24,020,009.

There is no uniform common-school system in this State; each township has a school fund arising from the lease of lands granted for common-school purposes by Congress, every sixteenth section having been so donated. The school sections in some townships are worth many thousand dollars, and in others only a few hundreds. In all the larger towns public schools have been established, and there are many flourishing high-schools.

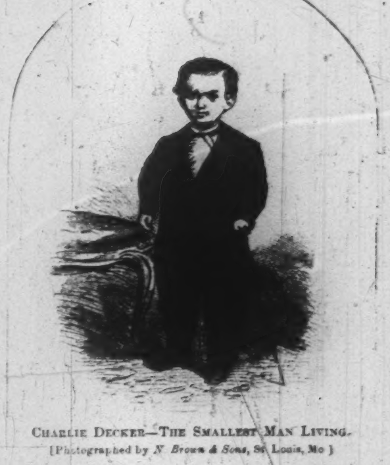
RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 4 a view of the residence of HENRY A. WISE, Ex-Governor of Virginia—the same property which has been so long and prominently held before the public, and which is still retained by the Federal Government, in spite of every effort to effect its reinstatement to its former owner, and to obtain a pardon for him.

This splendid property is situated about eight miles from Norfolk, on the road to Princess Anne Court House, and contains some 1450 acres, 700 of which were cleared and cultivated, and the remainder in timber, at the outbreak of the war; but a very large quantity of the latter has been cut down during the war, and the wood cut up for the use of the Federal Government, at the saw-mills erected by Governor WISE himself. The property is now in a very poor and dilapidated condition. There are forty or fifty shanties scattered over its large surface, occupied by 220 negroes—men, women, and children—who find what precarious employment they can in the farms surrounding it.

The residence itself—the rambling old building to the right of the sketch—has nothing particular to distinguish it from many others of the kind scattered over the surface of this portion of Virginia. It has evidently been patched and altered at various times, producing in its internal arrangements all those inconvenient ups and downs so common to old-fashioned houses when joined on to modern additions. The oldest and most interesting part is that to the extreme right, represented with its steep mansard-roof and dormer-windows—a feature extremely common among all the old residences of Norfolk and its neighborhood. In this building are still to be seen an old sofa and arm-chair of the Governor—the only portion of his furniture left, excepting an antediluvian bedstead up stairs.

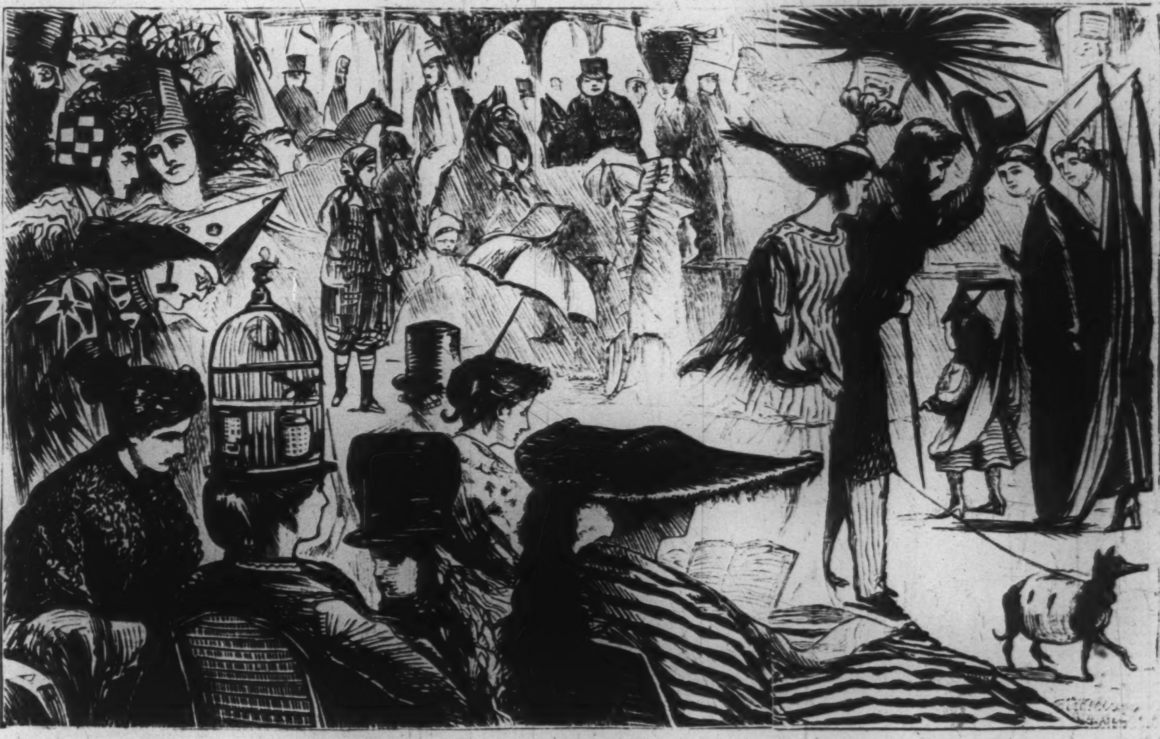
The out-building shown at the extreme left of the picture, and which was formerly the carriage-house, is now used as a free school-house for colored people. It was first devoted to this purpose in 1863, by the American Missionary Association, and at present gives daily and evening instructions to 150 colored people of all ages and sexes, from four years of age up to 65. Of these there are 120 children and 30 adults. The teachers assert that the children learn very rapidly, and that even the adults, with rare exceptions, show aptitude also. The report, so lately current, that one of JOHN BROWN'S daughters is teaching here was a mere fabrication. Mr. B. G. BRYAN has charge of the school, assisted by three ladies—Miss S. E. GILLESPIE, Miss E. A. LEAVITT, and Miss LIZZIE GILMORE. Mr. D. D. OSGOOD is the general overseer of this property and some eight or nine others in this neighborhood, at present in the hands of the Government, but to be immediately restored to their owners, who have all received their pardons.



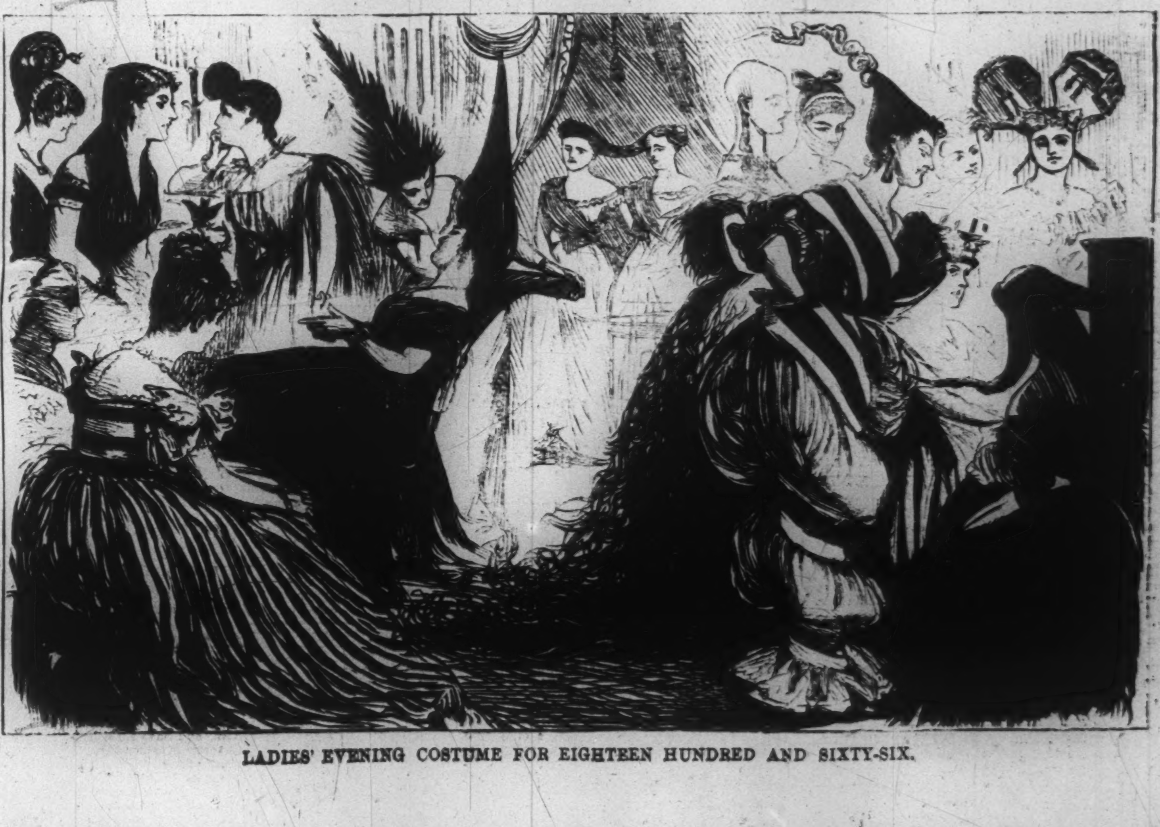
CHARLIE DECKER—THE SMALLEST MAN LIVING.
[Photographed by N. Brown & Sons, St. Louis, Mo.]

THE SMALLEST MAN LIVING.

WE give above a portrait of Mr. CHARLES DECKER, the smallest man living. CHARLES DECKER, or CHARLIE (as he is more familiarly called), was born in Mississippi. He moved to Memphis at the age of ten years, where he has been employed by Mr. ED. WORSHAM in the profitable and useful occupation of selling *Harper's Weekly* and other periodicals for eight years. He is now eighteen years old and only thirty-six inches in height, and is well known in Memphis for his smartness and intelligence.



LADIES' MORNING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY SIX.



LADIES' EVENING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.

BOMBARDMENT OF CAPE HAYTIEN BY THE "BULLDOG."

WE give on page 5 an illustration of the conflict between the British steamer *Bulldog* and the forts and gun-boats at Cape Haytien. The *Bulldog*, carrying six guns and commanded by Captain CHARLES WAKE, lay off this port, which is on the north side of the island. The Captain got into a dispute with the negro chief SALNAVE, the head of the insurrectionary force at Cape Haytien, and, on the 23d of October, had a regular battle with the forts and flotilla of gun-boats in the harbor; the result being that, after silencing the forts and sinking two of the enemy's vessels, the *Bulldog* accidentally got aground, and was burned and abandoned by Captain WAKE to prevent her becoming their prey. Three of the British were killed and six wounded.

The origin of the dispute was as follows: Mr. DUTTON, the British Consul at Cape Haytien, had taken to his house a few Haytien refugees whom SALNAVE had desired Mr. DUTTON to give up. This Mr. DUTTON refused to do, whereupon his house was entered by force, and the poor fellows under his protection were taken out and shot by SALNAVE on the sea-shore. The followers of SALNAVE then commenced to wreak their vengeance on the Consul's house; they smashed his furniture, took every thing they could lay their hands on, pulled down the English flag, stamped and spat upon it. Mr. DUTTON immediately went on board the *Bulldog* (which was lying off the Cape at the time) and laid the question before the Captain, who went at once and asked SALNAVE what he meant. The reply was a mere burst of vulgar insolence. The Captain then returned on board and wrote him a letter, demanding full and ample satisfaction in twenty-four hours. Next morning the *Bulldog* was seen steaming into the harbor, and, on passing Fort Picoli, was fired into. The *Bulldog* at once answered this fire with a broadside, dismantled all the guns on that fort, steamed further in, smashed up another small fort and sent a shell into the arsenal, blowing it up.

In the course of the conflict the *Bulldog* sank one of SALNAVE's vessels, the *Volroque*. The negroes on this ill-fated vessel would have been drowned but for the noble exertions of Captain W. M. WALKER, who sent a boat to rescue them. They were found swimming in the water, being at the same time cruelly fired upon by the *Bulldog*. This gallant officer, Captain WALKER, also sent boats on shore to bring off the foreign consuls, the *Bulldog* having made no distinction in her firing upon the town.

The *Bulldog*, after having fought for upward of ten hours, got on shore on one of the numerous reefs about Cape Haytien. Immediately the enemy on shore took advantage of her position, and brought all their batteries to bear. The captain fought to the last pound of gunpowder; that finished, he thought it necessary to set fire to and abandon his vessel. The officers and crew went to Jamaica in the *Union* screw-steamer. The British steamers *Galatea* and *Lilly* afterward destroyed SALNAVE's batteries.

THE last days of Ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. Letters in our possession from his physician, and from Mr. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

Extracts from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, Vol. IV., page 272:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment—what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety. It is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EMBALMING.

French process only perfect one extant, and guaranteed. The features by this process become more natural than otherwise. The body never decays. Funeral arrangements perfected and carried out in the most satisfactory manner. Flowers preserved. THOMAS DUGAN, *Embalmer and Furnishing Undertaker, office northeast cor. Broadway and 13th St. (Gibson Building), entrance on 13th St., New York.*

PARISIAN ENAMEL.—This beautiful toilet requisite imparts to the skin a soft, charming, pearl-like tint, resembling nature so closely that detection is impossible. $1 per package, mailed free. Address H. THOMPSON, 15 Carroll Place, Bleecker Street, New York.

Norton's New Remedy for Catarrh

Cures the most hopeless cases known.
Norton's New Pamphlet on Catarrh—is out.
All who have the Catarrh—send for it.
Information never before published. Send a stamp to GERRIT NORTON, 11 Ann Street, New York.

144 COMIC VALENTINES

Mailed free on receipt of $1. B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York. Circulars free.

NEW MUSIC.

Come, sing to me again.
"I have heard Sweet Music stealing."..........30c.
The Haunting Thought. Reichardt.
"I love but thee." German and English words..40c.
I can not sing the Old Songs. Claribel ....30c.
" " " For Piano. Richards..40c.
Silver Trumpets, played at Rome on Chrismas-Day..50c.
Silver Trumpets, grand processional March.........35c.
Silver Trumpets, Harmony in the Dome............20c.
Mailed free. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

DUMB-WAITERS.

JAMES MURTAUGH'S celebrated DUMB-WAITERS are manufactured only at No. 1335 Broadway, New York, where a model can be seen.

Holiday Presents.

100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,
Worth $500,000!
TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

		EACH.
100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100	Gold Watches	70 00
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600	Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000	Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000	Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000	Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000	Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000	Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5900	Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000	Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000	Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000	Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000	Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Fail not to send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars.

Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.
(ESTABLISHED 1860).

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A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
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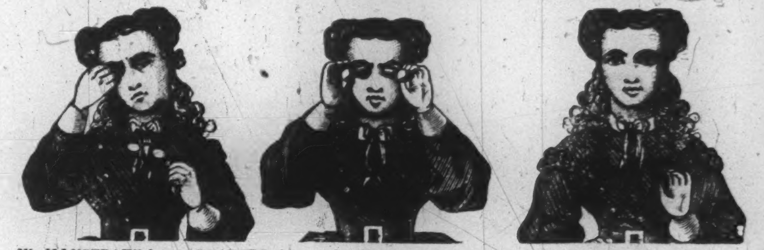

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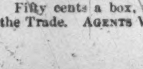

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